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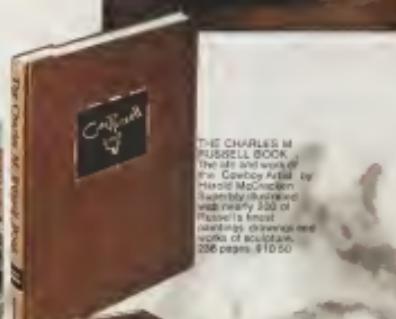
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ANSWER

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— 1 —

PUBLISHER'S PAGE

A truly monumental
encyclopedia of fashion

On November 16, 1872, McGraw-Hill published George's *Encyclopaedia of 20th Century Men's Fashions*, in 6 E Schaeffer and William Gale's new book that tells and shows all that you could possibly want to know—and nothing more than you could comfortably care to find out, at least on its surface—about any one of the many facets of men's dress in the first quarter of the twentieth century. The book is enhanced by some 150 hand-colored illustrations, and is the most comprehensive guide ever published to the entire panoply of changes from the foppishness and padded figures of the late-Victorian era to the colorful, slimmed-down and little idealized of today. It seems to have been no question about men's clothing unanswered.

Opposable thumbs—the Basque fisherman's shirt, the Scandinavian penknife's sheath—because fashionable only after he adopted them.

There have always been such men—through good grace and bad, through periods of apathy and tranquillity, and they have always stood out as the most valuable assets of the writing world of today. It was the job of our *Author* editors, from the beginning, to find them, to tell them like so many detective stories, and now and then simply to relate the trials and struggles of their preferences. These men have a steady task, and your regular would do well to say "Good on them, boys!"—but it is not the only reason if it weren't there wouldn't it?—that these men are relatively easy for the specialist to spot, though the essence of their eloquence is that they could just stand out in a crowd. That's why becoming such a specialist is relatively hard. Partly it's a matter of having no earke eye for unusual stories. That can be trained, though.

This being the age of man-made fibers and such manufacturing methods as permanent press and duatharizing, it had to be anticipated that at least some of the questions might be technical and this has driven me to consult with two authorities in the field: to make use of the unique techniques of many extremely complicated processes. First to reduce the amountlessness of the sheer volume of information contained that this book inevitably compasses, it has been deemed necessary to present it in chapters as well as in cyclopaedia style, with the result that you can get a short answer to literally anything, from Abiesidea seeds to sex and 2-twist.

What saves the column most often than not is the single and unique quality of its content. The fact that its creative approach to the subject requirements an extension of the viewpoint of daily news of Esquire's fashion coverage. This gives it a coherence and a consistency that it would otherwise lack. And this lets it be, despite its amateurism and pretensions, scope, very much one man's newspaper, because for this fourths of that entire mass media Esquire's fashion coverage was in the hands of Oscar Schlesinger.

When we began planning *Skeptic* in the early Thirties, and even before that, in the late Twenties when we were interested with its predecessor publications, we constantly had a basic idea in mind: the main basis of taste with a sense of style and a unique tone quality. We repeated as often as the things we wrote, and they became fascinating largely because we wrote them more than once. Even the occasional

passed exception—the Basque father's shirt, the Schenckian painter's sweater—because fashionable only after he adopted them.

There have always been such men, though good cases and bad, through periods of upheaval and tranquillity alike, and they have always stood out as so many valuable voices in the writings of the time. They were not part of the fashion editors from the beginning; in fact from "Self" there were no essay departments, and now and then simply to oblige the new and amanuensis preferences. These men have a personal look, and your impulse would be to say, that on them almost anything looks good, but probably only because if it weren't they wouldn't wear it. Such men are relatively easy for the specialist to spot, though the essence of their election is that they could well stand out in a crowd. That's what I mean by "personal." Who's a crook? Who's a swindler? Who's a man of taste? Who's an expert in foreign letters? That can be trusted, and it helps to have the aptitude.

In my case, we had the specialists from the start. There were Cobden-Chadwick in London and John Starrett over here, from the very beginning of the Twenties; and even in the early days of Appeal Arts, right after the decision to turn there showed up a most unlikely recent named George Jackson, who became the first Johnson editor of *Esquire* and remained its best friend ever since. These Jacksons were both (known to the same place crash) and George and Jacques Moïse. And then, from 1928 for the next thirty years, there was Shef.

O. E. Schaeffer had the eye, and he had the knock of appreciating it in others. Over the years he trained a personal school of young journalists, and many of them have since gone on, at least in part on the impetus of his indoctrination, to a series of successes far ahead. His lists and his recommendations, and above all his friendliness, and the freedom to range more or a mastery of the magazine than ever. From the day of his retirement as an un-pensioned and faded director, at the end of March 1976, he teamed up with William Gask and described himself for three years orally in the development of his new volume, *Esquire's Encyclopedia of 20th Century Men's Fashion*. Shef is nothing if not thorough, and we said (Cochrane on page 12)



Authoring Examples for Channel



CHANEL

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The Bloodhound.

What's red, has Smirnoff in it and is served in a tall glass? Thank you? Suppose we add it's easy to make and it has a milder taste instead of a spicy one? Still confused?

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RECORDINGS MARTIN PLAYER

Columba has devoted an entire month's release to the recordings of wildly disparate music by one artist: Glenn Gould. Chronologically, the sequencers are Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Wagner (in cassette tape) by the pianist himself, and Hindemith. As always when listening to any group of performances by this great, infatuated, basically peasant—but also a great—artist, I find myself daunted by some performances, marvelled by some, disgusted by some. But the tribute implied by the mass release is surely justified. I cannot think of any other performer whose interpretations of ten different styles of music would be equally interesting to hear.

Gould is perhaps the least satisfying of the major musical phenomena of our time, because the giving of satisfaction is not on his mind at all. He seems to look upon the performance of music as an opportunity to show off his technical facility, his command and the unapproachable lateness. Over and over again, one seems to hear him saying (or boasting), "You didn't know this was here, did you?" Well, it is. It is IT IS! And usually, dammit, it is, though sometimes one recognises it any more than yes or I. Listening to a Gould performance is always educational. That lesson something else to be said at this moment, when his retrospective recordings demonstrate the combination of his intellect and energy with his immense pianistic skills provides a lasting delight unlike any other.

In the new group of five I had two and a half winners, one a joy, and two and a half losers, one a disaster. The joy is Gould's own transcription of three Wagner choralets—the *Motterwurz*, first act prelude, *Siegfried* Rhine Journey and *The Siegfried Idyll*. Though I think one had better stay in the closet, the listener would be appalled at Gould's choice of tempo for his *Macbeth* prelude. Gould's purpose I will say everything is right, from the pomposity of the march of the mastersingers to the splendor of the Siegfried horn calls to the erotic delusions of the love scene. Just yourself might never commanding transcriptions, and the piano playing is just gorgeous, offering a variety of tone and attack the most acclaimed of the concert-hall virtuosos could hardly rival.

Equally happy is execution on a somewhat different plane, at the set

of the three Hindemith Piano Sonatas. The Third has long been a Gould specialty (I remember being transfixed by it at one of his first concerts in New York), now he has found and communicated a pastoral tenderness in the Second. Incidentally, the current fashion for bad-mouthing Hindemith seems to me to derive from the fact that he was not a brash technician, rather than from the music itself, much of which is plainly expressive in addition to being well made. Listen to Hindemith's牧歌 sonata *For Those We Love* and then to the War Response of Benjamin Britten, who notoriously wears his heart on his sleeve; and then tell me Hindemith is academic. Anyway, Gould's extraordinary performances should go a long way to preventing a much-needed Hindemith revival.

The disaster is the three Beethoven sonatas op. 57, which Gould transcribes with such gusto—that's another word for it—in certain movements whap along an implausible tempo, the second subjects of the sonatas given a can-can-like turn, as though they were early hits by Mistinguett, and the slow movements are flattered over with what seems to me to be *Wozzeck*-esque gloominess. Not so I. Listening to each performance Not so I am I pleased with Gould's interpretations of the Bach French Suites, which I find poached with unconvincing contrived heartbreaks and other clichéed eccentricities. This is said with heavy heart, because Gould has very good reason for keeping them in polyphony separate and unconnected, and that talent has always in the past exercised my discontent at his disengagement in playing Bach. Not here.

The mixed verdict is for the Mozart disc, the fourth in a projected complete set of the sonatas. I did not like the passionate three movements much (Volume 2 seemed less good than that), the others, and I still cannot understand why Gould insists on leading such a program of performances on what are, after all, mostly pieces Mozart wrote for his students. The third-movement variations that open the Sonata K. 331 is an almost perfect case in point. There is simply no reason to dial up over this tune this way. Yet it must be admitted that by the time the movement is over Gould, though never proving his point, has proved that he has a point, and the famous Ronde de Terre that ends the sonata is exquisitely in Gould's measured tread

Several other recent Mozart recordings, all from Philips, command themselves. The most important of them is a fine performance of the string quartet Serioso for three winds (actually, twelve winds and a bell ringer), K. 361. This is a real if somewhat Seevereide, an outdoor piece with show-off elements for all the instruments, but it is also more than that. It is at last a letdown, though, from a remarkable, architectured first movement that could have been used for a big symphony, and a concluding result that is one of the last pieces of youthful anguish from Mozart's pen. The new disc, by Edouard de Waart and the Netherlands Wind Ensemble, is the best of half a dozen recordings the work has had, the authorial flavor that had dulled this group's performances of earlier, lighter weight divertissements helps here in binding together the seven quite different movements of what is, I suspect, the longest instrumental piece Mozart ever wrote. Not to be missed.

Four of Mozart's piano Sonatas (K. 76, K. 81, K. 131 and K. 128) are played by the Italian string group L'Armonia, supplemented by helpful pairs of shoes and kerchiefs. Ruth-Percy once pointed out that these pieces are the first Mozart symphonies to be heard as Italian but not as German. L'Armonia has always seemed to me too emphatic and insinuatingly insouciant in rhythm for the kinsmen music the story might play, but these are pulsar pieces, and a very graceful sound seems to be inherent for them. The Philips recording is as smooth as the strings playing too.

More important as music is a recording of the two great C Major Concertos, the well-known K. 467 ("Elvira Madigan") and the even grander K. 503, with its Beethovenian dual fast movement. The performances by Stephen Hough and the London Symphony under Colin Davis is all one could ask, please, may we have more Mozart from this collaboration?

Ronan's *Guillemot* Told, the only opera he wrote from scratch for Parma and the last opera he wrote before settling down to his 10-year years of distinguished retirement, has long stood beside Berlioz's *The Trojans* in the pantheon of great works that never get performed. This year we have *Trojans* onstage in New York, and



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now we have Giuliano Tel, full-length (all four hours), French-language on records. The principals in the cast, Montreal Cabellé, Nicolas Gedda and Gabriel Bacquier, are all first-rate. Lamberto Gardelli seems to stick to good persons over the Royal Philharmonic and the Amsterdam Chorus; Amiel has concentrated fine packaging and recording, but I don't think we're going to see the track staged soon.

The problem is the time and place of the composition of the opera. Weber is all over it, but only slightly directed. Rossini, I think, saw what Weber was about, admired it, tried to do it in his own way, and failed. Meanwhile, at precisely the wrong point in his own development, he was stuck with the soft-focus Romanticism of the French Illustration, in which everything is overripe. Yet the second act of Tel, which Rossini thought would be his masterpiece (with due credit to the last act of his *Giulio Cesare*, conducted like gods and characters) and there are loads of things amateurish through the score. Toscanini used to play the hel-lot piano whenever he had need to be charming.

Gedda gives a stirring lesson as the romantic lead, and though Cabellé has been warned by some of my colleagues for her work here I find her Sophie very beautiful, and her contributions to the ensemble uniformly convincing. Bacquier

is in the title role and all the descriptions of him were accurate at the time. I've forgotten whether there was or was not a real William Tell in history, but there sure aren't no real William Tell in the Rossini opera.

Still, it's an important point, no book will ever record it better, and maybe if I didn't have such a nasty cold I'd be more enthusiastic. The thought I can't escape is that this stock drove Rossini to sentimentalism and that, as usual, he probably knew exactly what he was doing. You care about opera, you'll certainly want to hear all of Giuliano Tel once. Thereafter, I'm sure you'll be picking out selections.

I will end on a brighter note. Telefünks has released two more albums in the continuing series of Bach cantatas by Nikolaus Harnoncourt and the Concentus Musicus Wien. One is Volume 7 of the complete set, including Nos. 24 through 31; the other is the six-part *Christmas Oratorio*. Both come magnificently packaged with full scores enclosed, and the price, pricing equipment as the performance is, as always, beyond priceline. ■



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BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

There are many, many ways to attain true happiness, and we'd hate to stifle some of them. But there's one way because they are relevant to this issue of *Esquire* and because, after all, February is a better month almost everywhere; let's get our words off it. The really basic ways of attaining true happiness are two, of which the rest are derivatives. The first, represented in our intellectual tradition by Shakes, Marx, Henry Ford and, in this issue, by Kenneth Lassett (*Opposed: That Every American Should Get One Year Off in Every Seven*), is to think what ought to be and then to go to work at to adjust the world to your will. The second, more recent, is to buy a Kahlua. *The Best of Esquire*, page 96, is to find out how things really are and then adjust your will until you want exactly those things. Since this issue of *Esquire* is largely dedicated to both approaches, it's bound to produce true happiness and, besides, even if it doesn't, there's still March. Mr. Lassett, our representative of the Shakes-Marx-Ford tradition, appears this month for the first time in *Esquire*. He says a few words about his own background and current concerns in the article beginning on page 88, but we'd like to add that he is the author of several books, most recently *The Monomaniacs and Anti-Catholics: An Chronicle of San Quentin* (1981) was excerpted in *The New York Times Magazine*, to which he is a frequent contributor.

As for *The Best of America*, Esquire's extension of the Pogo-Kennedy-Ford argument, it explains itself very well, but we'd like to continue the expansion so as to make it clear that the surface statement on the cover of this issue is not the beautiful fancies model you may have taken her for; she is Barbara, the real-life anti-Catholic, anti-stereotype, free-Southerner, Arkansas-Belle, and thus no demonstrator that whatever is in right. Further proof starts on page 94.

Several writers besides Kenneth Lassett appear for the first time in *Esquire* this month; in fact, we may run out of space before introducing them all, but here goes: Betty Hemmings (*Quadriplex*, page 88) is a native of Mississippi, a graduate of the University of Arkansas, and the author of five novels. Grossiss Art (1972), which received a nomination for the National Book Awards, and

Nightshades (1973), as well as a shorter fiction which has appeared in *Esquire*, *The Carolina Quarterly* and *Country Life*. She has taught at Cornell University, down south at Middlebury College, and is at work on her third novel, whose protagonist, we are advised, is a tennis player. Jane I. Turner (*An Introduction to Selected Aspects of Slave Gothic*, page 116) taught Slavic language and literature for ten years at the University of Illinois before dropping out to write fiction and live in Florida; when we asked her why she had done what she did with poor Blasieka, she said, "In Illinois, people think Central Illinois is this uncharming place somewhere between Ames and Fort Atkinson, so when I saw this on sale in a store in Florida, I just strode." She also confirmed for us what sagacious readers of *The New York Times* have long known, that Tad Szatk (*Ones On Our Mind*, page 20) is a processed Schultz act: Tad, Mr. Szatk, a veteran of twenty years at *The Times*, during which he served with distinction in Southeast Asia, Latin America, Washington, Eastern and Central Europe, the Iberian Peninsula and other parts, left the paper at the end of 1978 and has been writing books and magazine articles at seven-league-boot velocity ever since. *Conqueror* (*The Strategic Concerns of E. Howard Hunt*, October) is his latest recent book, while he followed on March 19 for a long book on the United States, and an in-depth study of the Nixon foreign policy is expected late this year. Pete Athans (*What Are the Super Rock Bands For Five Years*, *Basil*, page 128) is a general editor at *Starmore*, where he covers mostly sports. Mr. Athans is the author of *The City Sleuth*, a book about basketball, and of a couple of as-tough-as-vultures with O. J. Simpson and Bill Tabor.

Now, back to the beginning: there are other new voices in this month's *Esquire*, but the remaining space is required for this announcement: a year ago this month, *Esquire* published Tom Bassett's *The Mystery of Oak Island*, which reported many things about treasure hunting in Nova Scotia; among them, that Richard ("Rocky") Bassett died in 1965 in a treasure-hunting accident. We have been advised that Richard Bassett is alive and well, the victim of the accident in 1965 was his brother Robert. Interested parties please copy. *

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A little boy with my funny ears.

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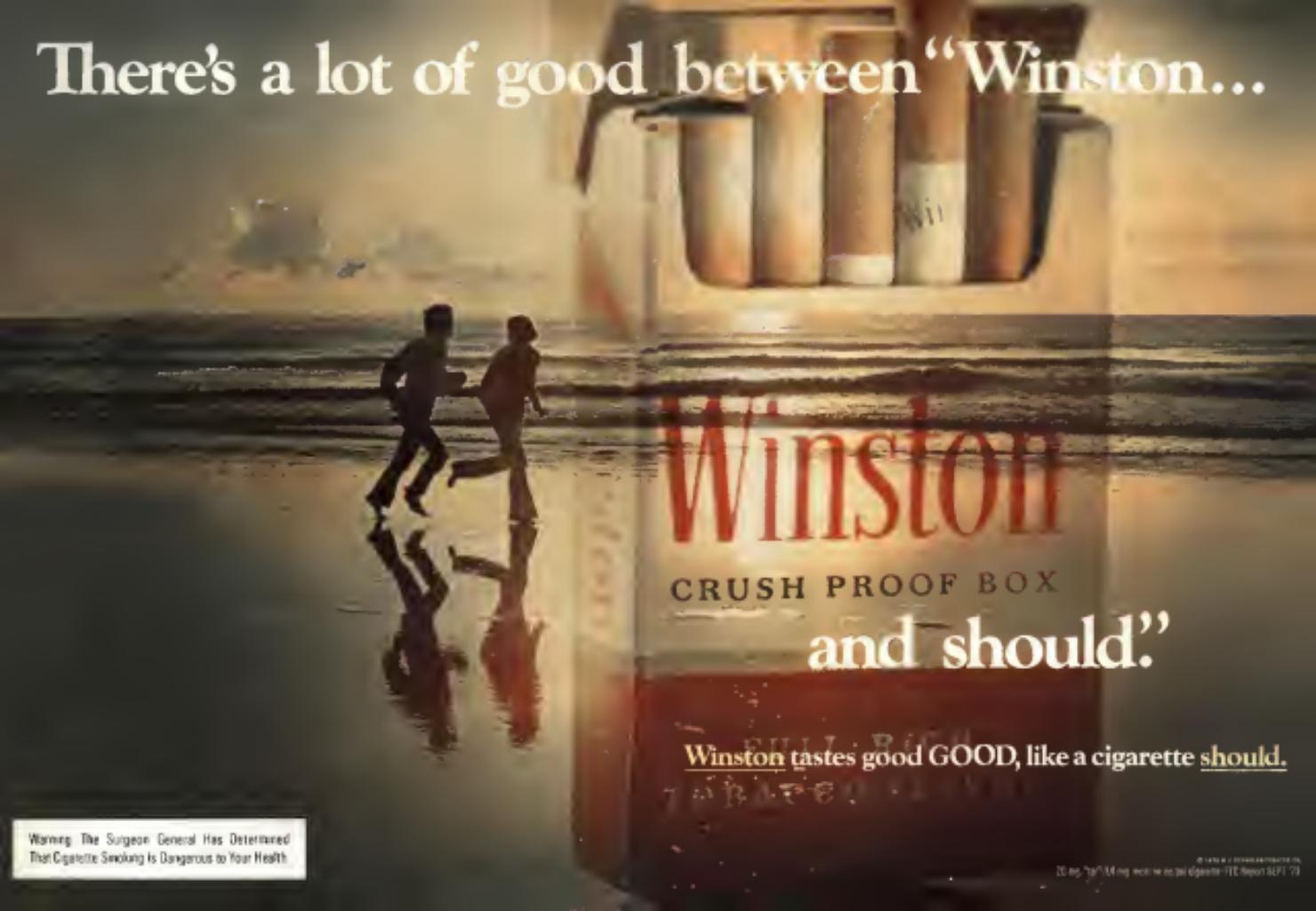
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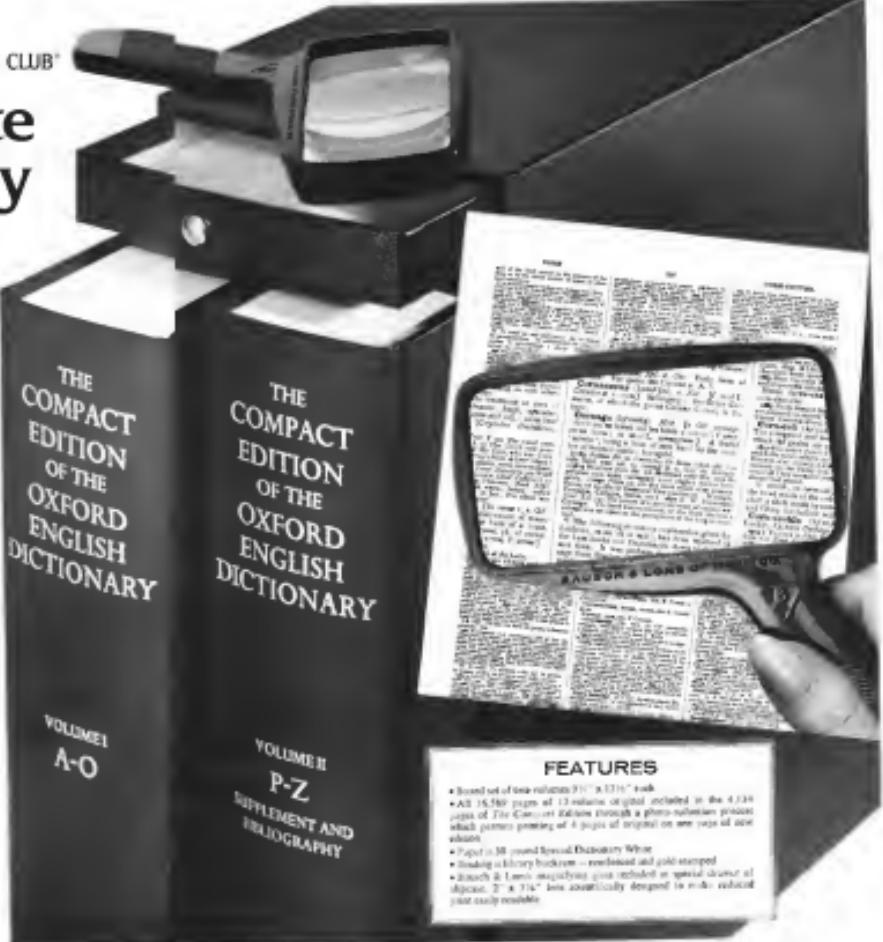
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BOOKS

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

Nigel Nicolson's *Poet of a Marriage* (Atheneum, \$10) may be one of the wittiest stories ever in the literature of bely, or, in this case, deadened by senility, malice, and grouchiness, found in a distasteful, but also I must admit reliable, The atmosphere throughout are askish and arrogant, and the atmosphere depressed. One more instance, I should say, of the new irredeemable decadence of the English upper classes. All the people concerned were what is called well-educated, comfortably off, and sufficiently talented to make a good showing socially and as writers. Yet in the last resort there is something pitiable and pitiably about the lives and personalities into which their perverse talents led them. Ultimately, they are failing, and will surely be seen—if at all—as the progeny.

Of the two central characters, Nigel Nicolson was the son of a British ambassador who became head of the Foreign Office, being raised to the peerage as Lord Cromick. He, like his father, passed into the diplomatic service, but left it before he had got easy for to become a writer, journalist and politician. In the first capacity he wrote some excellent history studies; for instance, of Tennyson and Beaumarchais. Also a biography of George V, which, curiously enough, he managed to make interesting. As a novelist, he contributed reviews and occasional articles to the usual publications, and excelled as a radio commentator in pre-television days. As a politician, he attached himself briefly to Sir Oswald Mosley before he emerged as an ardent Fascist, yet got into Parliament for the National Labour Party—a splinter group that followed Ramsay MacDonald when he formed a National Government, and has long since sunk without trace and breathless into oblivion from which he was spared by Churchill. In the 1945 election he lost his seat, and then died at a subsequent election, unsuccessfully, on a straight Labour ticket—a role for which he had little aptitude.

In itself it was a dismal enough and, if not particularly distinguished, though perfectly creditable, career. Though some of his friends were vaguely disconnected, when his diaries were posthumously published, to learn how assiduously he had labored for a pension. It was known, of course, that he was humorously inclined in temperament and taste, and gener-

ally assumed that, in writing and winning Vita Sackville-West—a lady who belonged to an aristocratic family of great antiquity with, in her case, an admiration of Spanish grey blood due to her ancestry, he was gratified by her—she was assumed more aristocratic than she ever was, perhaps whisks, accepted, have aristocratic affiliations. Their marriage, nonetheless, seemed to jog him quite happily, the more so, perhaps, because Nicolson spent the week in his brother's chambers in London, leaving his wife in Kent, where she established herself as an accomplished and original gardener, and also wrote some highly successful books (*A/P Posies Sweet*, *The Edible Garden*) which might, not unfairly, be described as U-plop.

Now the younger of their two sons, Nigel, has revealed the tumultuous happenings and fatalities



which underlay the seemingly serene face of their union. The full truth broke upon him when, after his mother's death, he discovered locked up in a Gladstone bag her account of a violent love affair she had with Vita's son, Dennis, a daughter of Mrs. Nigel, allegedly by King Edward VII, whom mistress Mrs. Reproved had been. On the strength of a brief acquaintance with Mrs. Treffain, the allegation would seem to me to be quite plausible. In addition to a Hanoverian ancestry, to judge by the extracts from her impersonating letters to Vita Sackville-West quoted in *Poet of a Marriage*, her sentiments and literary style both bear marked traces of too great a partiality for the works of Oscar Wilde.

But that is it, the gladstone bags paper, published in full and conscientious about a third of *Poet of a Marriage*, provide a casebook study of a top-drawer lesbian passion. The

rest of the book, by Nigel Nicolson himself, fills in the narrative, and ties up the loose ends. He has done a fastidiously editing job, and displays throughout a commendable, if, in view of his personal involvement, somewhat unconvincing objectivity. Whether he was justified in deciding to publish at all may be questionable, but I am sure the decision was honorably taken. The case against publication would seem to me to be based rather on consideration for his father's than his mother's reputation. Vita Nicolson appears as the feebled and effete kind of woman aristocrat, even more so than Treffain, the other estranged consort. The fact that the interloper was a woman, and Mrs. Treffain at that, only adds to the bifurcated nature of criticism.

If Nicolson has any particular curiosity about the Nicolson connection, there is Virginia Woolf's *Orlando*, which now appears as a roman à clef, and the author's tribute to her own affair with Vita Sackville-West. This went on for quite a while—indeed, in a sort of way, up to Virginia Woolf's suicide—but, we are told, only revolved going to bed twice, and then reluctantly. Nicolson was more concerned lest Virginia Woolf's always precarious sanity should be jeopardized than by any wantonly prying of answers. If all makes one positively anxious to hear the name of the typist, which surely cannot now be long delayed.

A thought that leads naturally into Philip Roth's *Intellectual Lives* (Charterhouse, \$7.95), a well-documented and highly entertaining study of *The New York Review of Books*, a prestigious publication which has managed to go on existing for a whole decade. As I was by way of being a founder-contributor, but fairly soon part-time regular contributor, to the aesthetic, there was considerable difference of opinion, ranging on whether it was permissible to say that being a religious Jew and homosexual played a part in shaping Max Hirschman's character and writings—I naturally found the book interesting.

The *Review*, in any case, rates the sort of close look Roth has given it. The need for a publication of the kind was clear—the Times Literary Supplement is dead, long live *The New York Review of Books!*—and Bob Silvers, in meeting it, has proved to be an able editor, more especially as, in the course of carrying out his duties, he has had to be crafty

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Americans got their first look at the Z-Car late in 1969. It was love at first sight. Here was a car fired by an overhead cam six with all the power and response of a domestic V-8. A flat out performer with nice manners, an impressive list of standard creature comforts, and economy to the tune of around 20 miles per gallon.

Indeed, it looked as if the Z had found a new happy home. Road & Track called it "the most exciting GT car of the decade." In '72, Car and Driver readers selected the 240-Z as "Car of the Year." And in '71 and '73 they voted it "Best GT" over Porsche, Lotus Europa, and the like. Later a Road & Track owner survey published in 1972, showed that 91% of all Z-Car owners polled said they would buy another one.

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Whatever else the Z-Car is, it's a driver's machine. One that has taken the measure of its peers on the track as three-time SCCA C-Production National Champion, and three-time winner of the treacherous East African Safari. A car that has done a

standing quarter mile in about 17 seconds, at nearly 85 MPH. A car that has moved from 0-60 in about 9 seconds. A car that can transport two people from point A to point B with a minimum of fuss, a maximum of fun, and do it economically. But now it's even better. Now there's 260-Z.

The picking of nits.

Up front the six-cylinder overhead cam engine has gone from 2.4 liters to 2.6 liters, to prevent loss of power as a result of complying with 1974 emission regulations. Heat dissipation and fuel delivery have been improved by a new transistorized fuel pump, larger fuel lines, a larger radiator and fan, and better carburetor cooling. To the rear there's a redesigned taillight panel. And a new stabilizer for even better cornering ability. Spring rates have been altered and the frame,



DATSON 260-Z SPECIFICATIONS: Engine: 6-cylinder in-line SOHC water-cooled. Bore: 6 inches. 3.21 in. x 3.11 in. Displacement: 1299 cubic inches. Compression ratio: 8.8:1. Carburetion: 2 Hnock. Transmission: 4-synchro mesh 4-speed or optional 3-speed automatic. Differential: Limited slip. Length: 163.1 in. Width: 64.1 in. Height: 50.6 in. Wheelbase: 90.1 in. Head (front) 23.3 cu. in. (max) 53.0 cu. in.

engine mounts and suspension all have been beefed up. Add those refinements to an all-synchro mesh 4-speed transmission that puts crisp, positive shifts in the palm of your hand—and you have an automobile—the likes of which could sell anywhere from \$9,000 to \$25,000.

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The 260-Z is the affordable result of Datsun-pioneered advancements in computer design and one of the most modern mass production facilities in the world.

Space-age technology also makes it economically feasible to power the Z with a sophisticated overhead cam engine. Fewer moving parts, lower inertia and less friction produce higher revs, more efficient use of fuel, and longer engine life than a cheaper pushrod engine.

The 260-Z's superb cornering and remarkable ride are also products of superior technology. Its strut type fully independent system is usually found only on exotic racing machines, and is normally considered far too expensive to be practical on a production automobile.

The luxury of it all.

The spacious interior accommodates two 6'6" adults in unadulterated comfort. Everything is at your fingertips. Map light, overhead light, heater/defroster, standard AM/FM radio, and optional factory-installed air conditioning.

Deep-cushioned high-back bucket seats recline 20 degrees and fold forward for easy access to the spacious rear deck. Non-purists can even order an optional 3-speed automatic transmission. But for all that, one of the nicest luxuries of owning a 260-Z,

is being able to get the same parts and service you'd get if you owned a Datsun economy sedan—from nearly 1000 Datsun dealers, nationwide. What it all comes down to is this: The Datsun 260-Z for 1974 epitomizes everything pride and technology can provide. These are the makings of an automotive legend. But don't just take our word, drive a Datsun...then decide.



**Datsun
Saves**

Front road clearance: 5.7 in. Weight: 4-speed 2550 lbs. Automatic 2550 lbs. Seating capacity: 2 persons. Plus: turning diameter: 31.4 ft. Suspension and Axles: Front: independent strut type with coil springs. MacPherson shock absorbers, adjustable to reduce understeer. Rear: Fully independent strut type with coil springs. Telescopic shock absorbers and struts. Tires: Firestone W-800 (8.0 in. front, 7.5 in. rear). Brakes: Disc brakes (front), drum brakes (rear). Power assisted. All 4 wheels, hydraulically assisted. Front: Disc brakes 10.7 in. Rear: 9 in. drum (with Driveline and Trailing shoes).

HANGING OUT

ROBERT ALAN AURTHUR

Las Vegas may be defined as a Las Vegas community devoted to entertainment at every conceivable level, and with the addition of six hundred and twenty-eight guest rooms, The Flamingo Las Vegas will be the largest resort hotel in the world. Even now, with distant participants chattering toward that transcendent day, the hotel is an inspiring self-contained city, a Seaside to its newest neighbor and competitor, the MGM Grand's Caesars. Where better than the Flamingo to establish a brief look-in to observe certain aspects of Vegas, instead, since the city's most direct form of entertainment is an old friend, Harvey Grink.

Until four or five years ago, perhaps when Howard Hughes began buying in, Las Vegas hotels, mostly mob-controlled, offered the best lay in the world for vacationers who could stay away from the racing tables no longer. As more legitimate management has taken command, prices have risen to where Las Vegas is not a bargain. Yet the high rollers still come, brought in on free tickets, wired and dined at the top, but the overwhelming bulk of today's visitors is a thoroughly Middle America, an average paying person for room and meals no less than at any other resort. And they do some package tours and conventions, charter flights from all over the Mid. and Southwest. Packed buses leave Los Angeles on a Saturday morning at six a.m., with residents guitar and accordion players, arrive in Vegas at eleven, depart at two a.m. on Sunday. We need for a hotel room little possibility of getting lost, anyway, on most weekends. Vegas hotels and motels are about one hundred and five percent overbooked.

With only slight fear of contradiction, it can be said that show business in America has been reduced to television, pop records and Las Vegas. The film industry is shattered, theater dead, nightclubs, practically nonexistent. For live entertainment, seven days a week, two-and-a-half hours a day, Vegas is the Apple, the only place in town. So the building continues, MGM's one hundred and six million dollar Grand Hotel being the latest addition. As the competition for customers mounts, the question of attractions becomes more and more critical.

Harvey Grink called late last fall

and in a hoarse whisper, said, "The sitting here looking at Johnny Cash's contract. This is a new kind of show business. Tell me how much he makes here." I calculated gross fifty thousand dollars a week. The whisper gets hoarser. "Wanna One hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars a week. And the nation of people. And two chauffeured limousines."

"Johnny, Cash?" "And that's not even the top," Harvey continued. "Steve gets a hundred and fifty, plus tips, and we have rock for Colleen Parker [Prom Queen, *Playboy* magazine] to promote the engagement. Strength and the power, which never goes away, there's the overpowering Music, the sound of tennis balls on asphalt courts, the cries of children playing in the pool. All that noise," Harvey Grink says, returning from his call. "Including the noise is the halls and elevators . . . that becomes your atmosphere in Las Vegas." He sits. "That one was from Arthur Park." Park is a prominent agent who represents such clients as Dean Martin, Shirley MacLaine, Julie Andrews. "Dean is signed to the General, Shirley doesn't have an act, so I asked for that. See?" Harvey says. "He said that he's been writing music, nearly two years with Cassius Palone, which may soon build her a house here. He offered me a Rockies variety show, and I asked if they did it with subtleties." Once again he is paged to the phone, and the Laser reflects that the instant parking and not hearing one's own name can make a person a little paranoid. And even knowing, while visiting the Flamingo the night before, that one of the lounge acts is Paul Revere and the Raiders, it is still disconcerting to hear a disconnected voice calling, "Paging Mr. Paul Revere. Mr. Paul Revere."

When after just forty hours in Las Vegas, you've dropped your entire bankroll, thousands of dollars, there is little to do in the daytime, but lounge at the Hitler pool and stare at the other losers. The fast car is still a bonus. The pool is huge, in the exact shape of the hotel's great tower, a sort of triangle with overlapping sides. Cocktail waitresses, some from Detroit, most with husbands who are dealers at other hotels, shuttle between the lounges and the various food-and-drink fountains that ring the pool. Several lounge doors from where the Laser has just to his friend, The Entertainment Director, in whom appears to be a small child wearing a striped caftan and a big, happy hat. A child with platinum hair

and orange Spandex who, when she gets up, is clearly not a child, but one of the little lady madams in the whole world. Completely nude from nose, ignoring impolite stares, she raises to the edge of the pool, lifts the curtain to reveal perfectly formed if tiny legs, sits to dangle her feet in the water, and at the same time lights a cigarette. As a voice over the P.A. pages Harvey Grink in a nearby phone, the Laser's eyes are diverted from the little person, and he is suddenly aware of the enormous background of voices, of the city. In addition to the Las Vegas saying, which never goes away, there's the overpowering Music, the sound of tennis balls on asphalt courts, the cries of children playing in the pool. All that noise," Harvey Grink says, returning from his call. "Including the noise is the halls and elevators . . . that becomes your atmosphere in Las Vegas." He sits. "That one was from Arthur Park." Park is a prominent agent who represents such clients as Dean Martin, Shirley MacLaine, Julie Andrews. "Dean is signed to the General, Shirley doesn't have an act, so I asked for that. See?" Harvey says. "He said that he's been writing music, nearly two years with Cassius Palone, which may soon build her a house here. He offered me a Rockies variety show, and I asked if they did it with subtleties." Once again he is paged to the phone, and the Laser reflects that the instant parking and not hearing one's own name can make a person a little paranoid. And even knowing, while visiting the Flamingo the night before, that one of the lounge acts is Paul Revere and the Raiders, it is still disconcerting to hear a disconnected voice calling, "Paging Mr. Paul Revere. Mr. Paul Revere."

Back from the latest call, "That was a lady named Leona," Harvey says. "She and her husband have an act, songs and comedy, and they're auditioning at eleven on Wednesday at the Mountain Union. She says they've been in Asia four years and no one knows them here. I'll go if I can. Who knows?" Does he get stuck calls day and night? "The other morning I was awakened at two-thirty by Evel Knievel. He said, 'Mr. Grink, I have an act.' After that I got a two a.m. call from Wayne Newton. He was playing the stage and wouldn't go on for the late show because he had to. They were taking money from his check. I had to get dressed and go down and prove they

Aerial views from a Delta commercial



right turn of a few cards, study your flame down,��ned out houses, were will go out. Stand by?" The sort of the giant law callers in book of tones.



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weren't. Tattered couches went their markers stayed at four in the evening." He sighs, looks slowly past the lady madam who has gotten up to pat out her cigarette. Most of the passengers are middle-aged women whose husbands are at either committee meetings or "the tables." "What Elvira was here," Harvey says, "this phone was filled with two thousand calls. People were so giddy." He points toward the roof of the resort tower where stood the entire top floor in the Imperial State. "There he was, Elvira, with a parade of women, in and out, sixteen hours a day. It was unreal. All I could do was picture him sitting up there in his spaghetti, marinating." "Send me breads" And they never stopped.

From another lounge comes a loud roar of protest. This manor is a forty-seven-year-old gentleman named Sal, a building contractor from New Jersey. He is dressed in tasseled whites and carries his radio set, a portable television and a miniature stereo system. He has just come in four days, he has not the strength to get on the circuit. "Don't remind me what Elvira was here," Sal says. "I dropped twenty-one thousand on that jewel." The lady madam has left her lounge and now perches by on her way in the ice cream bar. She glances briefly at Sal, who gives her a long look, then turns away. "Oh, God, what I was just thinking." He sits where she's passed. "Back home I would never have such thoughts about little madams, but here in Vegas . . ." A smile in pain, he closes his eyes.

"Separate," Harvey says. "They all want the Imperial State. They can make a hundred thousand dollars a week, but if they don't get the Imperial State they think they've been put down. It's the carrot on the stick. Like the only way to book our rooms in places other than Vegas, say the Whistler for fifteen or twenty thousand a week, is to tie it in with a hundred thousand here and the Imperial State. You find yourself becoming them like invisible children, you know, and you become those damned men and moon-like Am-Merigot. Ninety thousand a week, and the day following her spending I get a note complaining that the last time she played here there were free peanuts in her dressing room. Where were they now? When I ignored the note the next day I got a call from her lawyer in Beverly Hills, her lawyer for complaints, asking where are the free nuts? How did it end? Well, the lawyer admitted, yes, an amateur agent a week she should be able to afford to keep them, and I sent the note over."

Now he sits on the foot of Harvey's lounge. "You're going to do a

lot of business tonight," Lewis says. "Over at the Sahara Sunny faced Ober, and their shows are canceled for a couple of days."

"Some of these people do behave strangely," Harvey says.

Lewis adds, "There was what's his name She went into our jewelry shop, picked out three pieces, took back from the phone, when I said, 'Dinner, Pauline, whatever,' when I said, 'some misandrist,' her manager?" "Dinner, Fargo" is a country singer coupled on an incoming bell with Glen Campbell. "He's from the only billboard in Las Vegas that doesn't have her name on it. Well, till he sees where her name is listed, and he has only seventy-five percent of Campbell's billing." Harvey explains that the previous booker had negotiated individual contracts with Campbell and Fargo, possessing each sole hundred-percent billing, an obvious impediment to success. How will it be worked out? "She'll be offered more money for less billing," Harvey says. "Otherwise Glen won't sing."

Any other amateur inquisitor asks? "Well, there's Tony Bennett," Harvey says. "I love him, and he's the best. No trouble except, even at seventy-five thousand a week, he refuses to open or close on a Monday night, which creates all kinds of scheduling problems. Also, he won't work on Jewish holidays, says he doesn't want to upset his Jewish friends. I guess the best of them is Castle. He's got, say, seventy-five, but he comes out all by himself, sits on a chair and talks about when he was a kid."

Enter Harry J. Lewis, senior vice-president of Hilton Hotels, tall, imposing-looking man is his Elvira. Lewis dresses impeccably and, apparently, has an extensive collection of gold jewelry. For instance he wears a tuxedo jimmie suit, and around his neck is a chain gold band by Elvira Frusley that bears the lettering "TCB". Take Care of Business Headquarters in San Francisco. Lewis has been involved in construction and planning of the new wing, and the landscaped has entertained a party of Japanese who will open an expanded Ritz Carlton of Tokyo, to move from their present location in the hotel. A former refugee from Germany, Lewis came to the United States through the Far East, still speaks with a precise accent. A devoted hotelman, he appears to be slightly uncomfortable with casino operations, is often forced to point out that as much revenue is made in the Vegas Hilton as food, drinks and rooms as in made in gaming.

The lady madam is slowly collecting her belongings, preparing to leave. "Here's the main problem booking that place," Harvey says. "You're always roughly a year ahead. Half the talent now playing Vegas is rock or country-western recording stars I've never heard of, so when

"I've sold a couple friends on the car just letting them drive it." Richard Pearce, M.D.



Richard C. Pearce, physician from Allentown, Pennsylvania, diagnoses some of his feelings about Cadillac ownership

"We do quite a bit of traveling, so I was interested in a Cadillac mainly for comfort. The prestige never really entered into it. It was a matter of what I need and what I needed. Styling is important. But comfort on the road is the most important thing."

"For instance, we do a lot of skiing up at Stowe, Vermont . . . that's about six and a half to seven hours of driving. And with four people along, Cadillac sure makes a difference."

"My present car—an Eldorado Coupe—is the third Cadillac I've had. I especially like the front-wheel drive and the traction it provides on snow."

"Service has been very good. If I had any gripe, I'd say so. But so far, the only service I've had on my Eldorado has been wheel balancing and inspections and things like that."

Asked what advice he'd give to a friend considering a Cadillac mainly for comfort, the doctor replied, "I'd tell him he should ride in one first. As a matter of fact, this has happened. I've sold a couple friends on the car just letting them drive it."

"I think if you can afford it, Cadillac is a car for say age."

Cadillac



TRAVEL NOTES

RICHARD J. JOSEPH

Americans have delighted in looking at their country over the years, and vacationers abroad never seem to tire. Tocqueville wrote *Democracy in America* back in 1840, so we thought you might like to hear about a coast-to-coast visit of eight foreign journalists. Some weeks ago, the United States Travel Service, part of the Department of Commerce, asked us to plot the group's on-a-quick tour of the United States. Staged "For Night People Only," the press tour was planned primarily for entertainment editors and designed to showcase America's after-dark scenes—such as the annual rodeo. The journalists were to write about recent attractions, and how cheap everything was for the traveler exchanging his own currency for dollars, and how friendly everybody was, and—the reasoning went—then articles would suffice great droves of tourists whose appetites over here would partially compensate for what American travelers spend abroad, thus helping to alleviate our balance-of-payments deficit.

We were shown, we were told, because of Eugene's international reputation as a sophisticated magazine and on familiarities with the world at large. At Washington, though, it was explained that a subordinate but nonetheless important objective of the undertaking was to disseminate the impression, widely held abroad, of the United States as a dangerous place after dark, and as it would be helpful if the visiting journalists were not mugged or rolled in the course of their trip.

Our group consisted of a publisher, writer and photojournalist from Japan, a writer and a photojournalist from Germany, a writer from France, and a photographer, and the assistant editor of a newspaper in Mexico City. James Schlesinger, a State Department expert and German interpreter, was on loan from State to worry about the non-establish details of plane reservations, hotel check-ins, etc., while our own job was to interview sites, angles, set up interviews, and generally conduct ourselves as a press liaison office. Also to work with the convention and visitors bureaus and publicity offices of New York City, San Antonio, Los Angeles and San Francisco in planning programs in their respective cities.

Our first problem cropped up when we had our gratis for a coffee-and-breakfast brief at the Drake Hotel in New York. The Mexican editor, however, was not fluent enough in English. Now, which, not one word. And our sentinel Spanish was worsened by the fact that we had to concentrate on spending French to one of the Germans who was more at home in that language. So we posted our Mexican colleague down to the Forty-second Street office of the New York Convention and Visitors Bureau, where a clerk translated our breaking into Argentine Spanish. When she had finished, we mentioned her strange way we thought she was to do a Mexican newspaper reporter who didn't know at least a few words of English, "She's a genius," she said. "He tells me he was chosen for this assignment precisely because of that fact. He's writing a story on how a Virgin who speaks no English gets along in the U.S."



In New York, the first quizzically comment came at dinner at the Earley Steakhouse on MacDougal Street in Greenwich Village, where Henri Nataf, a writer from Paris, and I'd just seated a tall, gaunt man in the front row whose flat jacket he was served. That German steaks are no good for "you" in Germany—and that it was too far for him to come with. "And the secondly—that's not quite eighteen, mark—it German we may have nothing like that for Germany America is very cheap."

The journalists admired the Victorian decor at Maxwell's Plum and couldn't believe that the restaurant was only a few years old. They liked the view from the Kammer Grill and enjoyed the three course and the four show of Sheppard's, but the entertainment features of their New York stay turned out to be an ad-libbed visit to the Club Cabaretique, a Puerto Rican ballroom uprooted at

One Hundred Forty-fifth Street and Broadway. Here Tito Puente gave them a taste of Latin American music they had never heard before, and the only thing approaching an attempt toward perfect ease when a Hispanic lady mildly surprised to one of our visitors that he keep his hands above his head while dancing the merengue.

It was here, too, that the Mexican editor spoke more in five minutes than he did in all the rest of our week-long journey. The club was having a radio picker from a Spanish-language station in New York arrived and the Mexican editor was called up to the mike. He introduced himself, told the audience about our tips, thanked Roberta, our host, and shared the spotlight with Tito Puente.

Robert Lightfoot, one of the English writers, said that while counterparts of Sheppard's could be found in London, Paris and Rome, he had never seen—one heard—anything like the Club Cabaretique. "The music is wild but the people are solid."

"And this right in the heart of so-called upscale Spanish Harlem," we said, referring to the neighborhood. "Do you see anything dangerous around here?" We failed to point out the number of running police cars.

In New Orleans' French Quarter a couple of nights later we weren't quite so lucky. Coming out of Preservation Hall, we saw a dimpled white guy pull a knife on a black man who beat him out of the lead with the lid of a garbage can until a passerby could twist the knife out of his hand.

"Bob, look just a min," we said, skipping off to change away from our skins. "Like this place—those fields—used to stage in Montmartre. Those guys were probably sent over by Central Casting." Anyhow, the journalists were too deeply steeped in the racism to pay much attention to what was going on. Classroom Pete Fountain was out of town, but at the Blue Angel we heard George Finska, a great young concert player whose four seconds were people of the Backerchelle's, we listened to the fine saxophone of Eddie Natio at the D'Orsayette Motel Inn, and Al Hirt absolutely blew cat on house. "With Louis Armstrong gone, he's the greatest," said Illinois Braxton, jazz pianist and publisher of a Japanese translation magazine.

New Orleans' food rivaled its jazz in the opinions of the visitors. They had Oysters Rockefeller at Antoine's;

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naturally, where the dish was created, let them eat the breakfast at Brennan's as the outstanding meal of the whole trip. Starting off with a milk punch, they worked their way through the entire menu of caviar, soup, Eggs Benedict or Eggs Benedict, Bananas Foster or Crepes Fitzgerald and ended up in heaven.

In Las Vegas, as expected, we had trouble scraping our change away from the slot machine in time to turn up for the show. Staying at The Tropicana, we caught dinner at the restaurant there and at the Sands Desert Inn, the Palms, Thousand Islands and Hilton. After Glen Campbell, Ray Clark, Jimmie Dean, Della Reupp and Diana Trask, some of the visitors realized that they had enough of country music for a while, but the Pelle Bergere show at The Tropicana and Harry Belafonte at Caesars Palace belied such a lot.

Rainer H. Binder, a writer-photographer from Munich, caught his eye on a Las Vegas News Bureau release about the more than fifty thousand wedding ceremonies performed annually in the city's six hundred twenty-five churches. In the thirty-year-old Twenty-four-hour-wedding-chapel, so we took off to enter The Little Church Of The West, "Wedding Place of the Stars." The stars have included Shirley Temple, "angelic ones," we were told, and Elizabeth Taylor. "The last time," Fee for the use of the chapel is \$35, including witnesses and a recorded musical background. Wedding photos cost \$16 and up, boutonnieres are \$1, carnations are \$5 and up, boutonnieres are priced from a dollar and tape recordings of the proceedings are available for \$15. The minister's fee is \$10 to \$20, generally stipled to him by the last man, and a small sign on the wall says "No Cigars Inside."

Teaming the MGM Grand Hotel, the visitors showed greater awe at the facts and figures: world's largest resort hotel, cost \$380,000,000, 2,184 rooms, penthouse suites, a 1,250-seat Celebrity Room, 990-seat Memphis Room, five entertainment lounges, five dining rooms, 145,000 feet of convention space and a 140-acre fountain, "the only such fountain in the western United States."

But the most exciting highlight of the entire trip was Santeetlah's Grand Canyon trip out of Las Vegas over Lake Mead, the Hoover Dam and a twelve-century Indian village, and through the Canyon itself, with lunch on the South Rim and then the flight back to town.

The San Francisco Convention & Visitors Bureau calls its client "Everybody's" (Continued on page 12)

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When exhibited by a leather dealer, Mr. Jim Minolta, 25-year reflex-camera user, was asked if Minolta O.T.B. helped him to increase his sales. In over three years since that question, Jim has sold over 100,000 cameras. The cameras are now standard equipment in Jim's stores. Jim says, "I think the sales have increased 50% over the last year." Jim also says, "I think the sales have increased 50% over the last year." Jim also says, "I think the sales have increased 50% over the last year."

raise money through a supposed weakness of the ingredients?

Reznick's answer is carefully couched. "Fund," he says, "O.T.B. does make money." In the fiscal year that ended last June, we earned forty-two million dollars for the City and State of New York. Reznick, people will gamble. Our studies indicate that nearly-eight percent of our customers have had previous experience with horse, lottery, bookmakers, racetracks or sports (football and baseball) betting."

From Reznick's further and you find a politician behaving as some Republicans would like Mr. Nixon to behave. He admits a shade of guilt. "I wasn't involved," he says, "that O.T.B. is a parasite. Now well I realize the fact that it produces some negative social effects." These include Indians using O.T.B. offices as a clubhouse, as gamblers used the old gambling pool halls, and random workers working their racket by offering credit to bettors who have run out of cash.

"Personally," Reznick says, "I wish that government were not involved with gambling. But the fact is that the people are involved. I'm opposed to slot machines and craps. The government should end horse racing which is monopolized by organized crime, namely sports, books and numbers betting."

On a progressive Watergate level, the racetracks of New York oppose O.T.B. All money bet through O.T.B. is funneled to the tracks. Reznick has no gambling profits as such. What they do lose is attendance. One large program at a racetrack costs about \$100,000. Overall racing profits have dropped by 30%. But, it is sure horsemen might do best to bite the bit. See the good, that O.T.B. works is considerable. The horse bookmaking business in New York has gone as sour as the market for fixed Chryslers. To protect themselves against catastrophe loss, horse bookies always worked with a syndicate. The syndicate was spelled Habs. At the very least, O.T.B. has lowered the life-style of our godfathers.

I walked through O.T.B. headquarters several times last year, getting the feel of the place, watching many ladies punch computer keyboards and observing the careful mix of blacks and whites that proclaims a government outfit. There is a flavor of executive offices, not posh but civilized service level. Below, behind locked doors, the computer ladies work. As you give your name and number, green secrets glow into life. My

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The 1974 Porsche 2.0.

Already, it's a very good year.



guide was Irving Riedl, a vigorous, bony man of fifty-five, who successfully published small housing bulletins until TV killed small business; promoted special events for the Brooklyn Dodgers and he worked at sweepstakes until he became the manager of the Miami Beach hotel; traveled the world with a harpooning excursion in search of golden parrots; and finally found safe haven under Horatio Sanz.

Ask Irving Riedl a question and he answers it bare. "Are you betting clerks honest?" "I begin."

"We had one clerk in the office on West Forty-second Street," Riedl said, "who was a devout gambler himself. We didn't know if he exaggerated those times. But then things happen. One day the man goes to work at two p.m., and in no time—about half an hour—he comes home running on the last five runs at Belmont. That night, Horatio theorized, eight hundred fifty dollars. But some long shots come in, and when the dark comes the winning tickets at another office he picks up about twelve thousand dollars."

Riedl's face lit as he approached the critical paragraph. "The trouble is that someone, doing his job, notices the clock is gone. He checks the cash draw. Where's the missing eight thousand, eight hundred fifty dollars? The cash drawer there is closed, and it contained fifty dollars, but we're not a loan company. The undictated charges him with grand larceny, petty larceny and possession of stolen property. He tells the cops he'd give back the eight thousand, eight hundred fifty dollars, except for one detail: He's blown that and his whiskers, at the track." Riedl shook his head. "That'd even remain an O.T.B. customer."

But Gross is more truly a gambler than Riedl or Howard Sosman. He has never bet on anything. Periodically, he visits Vegas. "He says that makes him feel, per his jaded, he gets to sleep."

"Why, Spitz?" I said, as we sat sipping in Dewey's Road House. "Do you think you know why you gamble?"

"To win," Gross said. "But can you win at O.T.B., or anything else?"

"In stretches," Gross's face grew pensive. "You have short systems all the time, but if anybody ever figured a system, they wouldn't tell you, because you'd tell somebody else. And a lot of people would be very wary."

Now Gross is a gambler again. "I don't believe most gamblers try to destroy themselves. They have these dreams and they take their money and they've got the guts and they make a

bet. The trick, if there is a trick, is to recognize that luck is a tremendous factor. At O.T.B. the state and the city and the racetracks take out seventeen percent from the top, so unless every bettor wins, he's really eighteenth."

Then come the odds. Then the losses. Then odds are going to beat you. Bet modest. Use the timer for entertainment. When you're winning, let God's sake don't press. Winning can make for a helter-skelter life. Have the good times, remember the odds and walk never."

Like all good counsel, Gross's advice generally will be ignored. However, there is hard evidence that Gross's sense of fortune is unassisted by New York's community of gamblers. Of all the gamblers Gross names, three, one leads the others by a wide margin. Most likely it was selected before the recent Midwest war. It is named too. ■

BOOKS

(Continued from page 28) drowsy, who, right up until his recent death, supported Soliloquies even though it cost him his job as editor of *New Moir* and nearly bankrupted his work as a poet and writer of distinctive prose and poetry. (Quotations, pp. 87-98) George F. Glider argues reasonably that one is the enemy of one, and so, ultimately, of preservation, and that by eliminating differences and by eliminating differences between the sexes—so, for instance, through a movement like Westerners' Lib—the very basis of our moral and social order is undermined. His conclusion is that in the West we are committing sexual suicide, or, as he puts it so put, engaging in self-glorification. Moreover, thanks to education and what is called sex education, which is the teaching of sexual dissolution beginning at an ever earlier age, Glider is, of course, absolutely right, but I doubt very much whether his arguments will convince anyone to change anything, even though they are couched in the same sort of apocalyptic jargon as is commonly used in the sociologies he is attacking. The reason is that the self-glorification in question is the consequence not of false theorizing but of a death wish, which can only be countered by a life wish.

One of the most accessible memoirs of my time at a newspaper company is in *Washington, D.C.*, is of Stanley Alpern, who shows a certain stalwartness along with his mother Joseph and his charming wife Tish. So it was the more dismaying to read in his latest book (*Stay at Attention*, Lippincott, \$8.95) that he has

been afflicted with a special deadly kind of leanness. He describes the book as "a sort of memoir... actually, it is a splendidly courageous, wonderfully lighthearted account of his life and business looks as it is from this point of view. All who are interested in these and sudden deaths—which is pretty well everyone—will derive great comfort and cheer from Alper's amazing defiance of both. The book is written with all the poache of a master columnist. ■

TRAVEL NOTES

(Continued from page 48) *Favorite City*. Our visitors supported that rating, even though it was the last stop on our trip and they were feeling the effects of six straight nights of flying. The first night, after a Non-Stop, we stayed at the local Fairmont Hotel and we had our first San Francisco dinner in its elegant Tea Room where Robert Goulet was singing. Goulet's muscular baritone has probably the highest decibel rating in the business, yet three of our walking wounded fell asleep at the table while he was doing the dinner show. So we repeated—under as good a roof as the night's pub-drinking schedule, which we had to have included visits to *Paragon's*, *McGraw's*, *The Golden Dragon*, *Moscow*, *Roxie's*, *The Roaring House*, *El Matador*, Alcatraz, *Dash's* and maybe a nightcap at the Carlton Room atop the fifty-two-story Bank of America building.

And after a morning at the Marin Woods, lunch at Wits, A. Richardson's Big View Restaurant & Oyster Bar on the waterfront at Sausalito, a forty-mile trek across the bay, cocktails at the Ben Keaton Restaurant and a tour of The Crematory and Glenwood's Queen, a visitation back to the International Museum of Erotic Art and a final night dinner at the *Empress of China*, that was the name now! The following night.

The Japanese delegation, though, ended up at the topless-and-bottomless show at The Cedar. "In Tokyo we have topless shows and bottomless shows," *Sophie*, Sophie explained, "but this is the first time I have ever seen all the girls topless."

Linda Miles, one of the British editors cast one vote for New York as her favorite city. "I knew I was going to like San Francisco, but New York was a surprise," she said. "Everybody seems那么 nice and so English. You're going to New York?" they said. "Before watch yourself!" But I found it a wonderful place. New Yorkers are so friendly—the city is so civilized!" ■

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FILMS

JOHN SIMON

Oh, the vagueness of deadlines! An author may think, "I have really to be off by your deadline," but *The Day of the Deluge*, neither of which is yet available for certain viewing. And what is, is nothing to write home, or column, about. With one exception, *Vive l'Américain!* (The Americanization), foolishly retitled *The French Conspiracy*, presumably on the dumb notion that people will mistake it for a sequel to, or even revival of, *The French Connection*.

Bonnot's film, made several years ago, evoked various threats from the French government; at the very least, it was to be denied an export permit. Yet it is written here late, this has never so far with lack of interest on the part of American distributors. Because it is such a young film maker whose one previous work that poor man ever saw was the grandly underhanded *The Day*, has none of the glamour and lushness that a Costa-Gavras picture has, and speculation over *State of Siege*, *L'Affaire* (I cannot bring myself to write *The French Conspiracy*) is based on the true story—as far as is known—of the 1863 abduction and murder of the Mexican left-wing political leader Ben Barka, who was invited to Paris, to be killed there, it would seem by a cult of high-ranking officers, from Sadie, whom his torturers are marching off to be death.

Jean-Louis Trintignant, as this man capable, now gruffly character



shaken back into freedom, gives one of his better performances: the less eccentric his role, the better Trintignant is, and here his heroism is mostly in very decor, the indignation of a mock-swallowing mouthful he may. Sadie is played by Gisele-Maria Volante, by far the most absorbing Italian actress today, and she is at least as well chosen as any other, though she is not, as such choices often are, a star. She is, however, a zoom of very contemporary mannerisms that open wide her mouth like the tree. Her voice, by the way, is dubbed into French by another fascinating actor, Charles Denner.

Almost everyone else is equally good. Michel Piccoli, as Sadie's right-hand nemesis; Philippe Noiret and Michel Bouquet, as the chief French intrigues; François Périer, as an honest policeman humiliated by corrupt superiors; and several others. As a supposedly left-wing American newspaperman, Roy Scheider

is perhaps a little dubious (but, then, the dubbing doesn't help him); as Danton, with an actress, Marthe Bellon, who is all ripe, but still lacks the spark; then, there, her own voice doesn't help her; a Marshalltown accent does even less for French than for English. Klaus Maria Brandauer, whose scenes range from heroic to superb—the event-parts can usually stand much worse than the traditional ones—here, unfortunately, contributes one of the former. Not Ricardo Aronovich, whose easy work we remember affectionately from *Murder on the Orient*, provides atmosphere after photographs.

The CLA, one of the villains in both *L'Affaire* and *Siege*, something more than mere cold, implacably brilliant, and sleekly Henri Verneuil's film, based on Pierre Nord's novel, *The Thousand Seconds* (and, since the film contains nothing approaching Martini, ménage, presumably very loosely based), is also laudable, in which the old-but director, most recently represented by *The Sorrowful Clay*, excels. But *The Serpent* is intrinsically even for Verneuil! We are asked to believe that one of the high officials of the Russian secret service and seeing that he is played by Yul Brynner, is also, two years later, a world ruler or lessor, for the CIA, into believing that, he seeks political asylum, and then feed them enough false information about supposed double agents among the Western nations to cause these agents' greatest difficulties, even though they later turn out to have been loyal to the West. His chief collaborator, more improbably yet, is a high ranking British secret service chap, who, in due time, defects to Russia. Most ingeniously, the CIA all along has enough informer and other evidence to make the ingenuous American a fingerful of unconvincingly trifling and specious at the least, questionable.

This is altogether one of those incomparable films in which life does not necessarily match at the viewer—events that could not have happened in this particular way in the light of the explanations given later. But the script, by Verneuil and Gilane Perraud (another fairy-tale writer?) is maintaining even more than unbeatable, and cannot even refrain from playing silly jokes on its supposedly serious stuff: a married playgirl is called Anatole Lee; a German secret service chief, Leipzig, after as

long as 1948; 12 big needles
lasting longer; 13 big needles
in a projective RTE Japan (etc etc).

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American gangster; a French intelligence officer, Tavel, after a van used for smuggling, and others. What the film is that it takes no notice of the CIA's headquarters outside Washington, and whether they are as smart like the real thing, or merely dressed up by one of France's most illustrious production designers, Jeanne Samary, hardly matters.

What we see is a gloomy succession of a super-secret arcade, a technological exhibition with animated displays to be peeped at about with, and an Orwellian synoptic working away full blast. It is presided over by Henry Fonda under the pseudonym of himself and Allen Davies, and a day earlier it is revealed one does not know the difference between a Turk and an American. Because he allowed so many his agents to infiltrate America simultaneously, this Davis ends up resigning from his job and moving off to California. That, the film implies, is the American equivalent of being sent to Siberia, and, for ever, may it have a point.

The cast boasts some expert actors, including our old friends Bourguet and Noiret, from *The French Conspiracy*, without whom, it seems, international intrigue is inconceivable. It is nice to see them, even if in small parts, that fine German

stage and screen actor, Martin Held, the peasant Belgian actress, Paola Tigrana, remembered from the gift of Mme. Béatrice's *Fête à l'Île de Ré*, and the lovely Eiga Aspinwall, who, though she has had little make-up or interesting camera work, looks like her best hat. Not so welcome is the reappearance of the unattractive Farley Granger, who, in an official CIA blushing session, endorses the common Hasidic Christian name Semyon or "Semy"—but that may be the kind of snarl since the CIA is centre. In the film also features Claude Brasseur, most lyrical landscape photography, and three nasty surprises—some of the apparently overcooked English scenes, and even when it turns melodrama, a tale sequences utilising soliloquies, one of the most unsuspenseful contexts, comic clichés, and an amazingly effete performance by the once-admirable Dirk Bogarde.

A slightly better but still quite unsatisfactory film is *England Waits*. We, as adaptation of the 1955 Graham Greene novel by Peter Duffell and the pseudonymous Desmond Cory, directed by Mr. Duffell, who is definitely not my bag. The novel takes place in Sweden; the film, as Germany, during the rise of the

Nazi Deffell, who shot it over two years ago, insists that he was not trying to cash in on the success of *Cobain*, but merely starting the cycle to make use of a time and place that "provides a good premise." I much prefer a movie as seen which relishes the political atmosphere of *Graham Greene*.¹ And of this went to get this smugless German atmosphere in Yugoslavia.

I must grudgingly confess to not having read the novel (unconscious) nor grudgingly—there is nothing at all that necessary about Graham Greene, but it is obvious from what is left of the plot that Semyon was required for the film, too. Not only is Erik Kirch, the millionaire financial magnate, modelled on Leo Krueger, a Model King, but also proscriptive Semyon, suddenly changed to its last-minute equivalent, is for ever an example of the middle-class word-frolic—the fumbling, temporizing lad furt—that is much more Graham Greeneish than is Nazi Germany, with its grandiose nationalism. By mixing up the story of a former English public-school boy, who dishonestly pretends to be an old Electron but honestly boggles at the peculations he finds his sister involved in, with the horrors of ancient Nazism on the rampage, the shabby little personal

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The original
of President Lucien
de la Boissiere, Alfred

siderence three many flarespeak not reconciled with an unbolted sentience? At what point must even a ranged conscience start to protest? I became mirthful, and automatically translated in a letter to the critics. Mr. Deffell, an English TV director whose one previous film was *The House That Dropped Blood*, writes that in 1971 there was only *Vasquez* & *The Dancer* with "a similar kickassness" but "quite different."

To be sure, *England Made Me* is not concerned with paternity, but, otherwise, it shares some of the anti-sentient aspects of Visconti's vulgar and stupid film—only, of course, on a more immediately innocent note, given the difference in budgets. Here, too, we have a climactic confusion of a Nazi spy, and one that is staged, photographed, and edited just as crassly. But, for the most part, this movie is a far more serious, more meaningful, more tragicomical, more intelligent, more elegant, more sentimental—not even a smidgeon nastier—than any smash contains claims—to keep the mind off eye candy occupied. Better than *die of malnutrition* before our eyes, it should have, like Chaplin in *The Gold Rush*, eaten the shoatniching on which it was made.

Peter Finch, who plays the dignitarily turbulent finançier, is given no life to work with, nor all his intelligence, sensitivity, and good looks, he cannot make the part interesting, let alone moving. On the other hand, the more insipid, sadder, Greenberg succeeds in his role, the better he serves as the source of inspiration. As his English assistant and mistress, a girl with indelictably innocent feelings for her brother, whom she used to save her, Hildegard Neil is not up to either the seductiveness of the woman or the complexities of the part. And as the courageous, ingenuous brother, the personification of the charming, feckless, unemployable English gentleman—whose sole redeeming feature is that he is personally what are does him! Michael York is dignified, stoic-looking more than ever like a blood test, and conveying both the various ploys and the amplexed patiance, he does not so much convey arrested development as exhibit it. There are, however, two support performances worth an airing of adoration: Michael Hardwick at Minty, a ready, endearing, statutorily perjurned—a Greenlander down to the permanent shyness of the gaze and the eggy tons of wounded self-esteem, and Ross Akland's as Krug's strong-arm man, a dandyish dispenser smooth enough to be equated with the nonconsequential subtlety of a French axney.

About the only person I can remember that film to is myself. For Berlin is set between, where I grew up; for the Rivaia, Caprija, where I was taken for my Easter holidays, for Krug's summer residence, Lake Blod, where we too had our summer house. But one isn't sentimental about journeys in very short time. It's everything else that's sentimental.

For the most part, however, I concur with you and Wedderburn, directed by Larry Peerce, has been recruited for the most offensive young director in Hollywood today. Since his initial *One Potato, Two Potato*, Peerce has been turning out reddish patatas in ever larger sizes and numbers, and even of Godzuki, California was not a complete stinker, *Separate* Peerce reads up for it by being amateurish and stale. The central spa is a preposterous concoction of a man with a face like a fly, who gives a total face-lift, including at a dice little French chateau that goes on to a luxury hotel in Coteaux d'Amboise, where her unfaithful husband, a Detroit lapstoper, to get her for a second honeymoon. To have her look, the woman (Elizabeth Taylor) has secretly undergone that gauntlet operation, now she looks to be a crazy thirty-five and is the cynosure of Coteaux—congratulating her that green daughter doesn't recognize her for the longest time, and that the six resort's postcard, the most dignified of all, *Holiday Inn*, is the most dreary of all. Hildegard Neil, Peter Finch's most recent trinkets over her. But when kiddy (Henry Fonda) finally gets her, neither the wonders of surgery nor the magic of a reception Mardi Gras, nor even Luis's passionata or gay clapping, can win him back. He returns to her new and younger girl, offering Luis divorce and eternal friendship. Her rage yields to a poker face, which, in turn, yields to an embryo with a thirtysix body and face, and Ash Wednesday here, can spring, at any rate, Resurrection, he is far behind!

This ghastly dirge, complete with dialogue in degenerate need of surgical reoperation or euthanasia, was written by one Jean-Claude Tiepolo, who was born a Belgian, which explains a great deal, and began as Michel Serris's one-eyed boy, which may explain the rest. "Isn't it simply that we all refuse to accept reality?" someone postulates. "We explore, 'I was the last of the sun-in-the-dark generation,'" as the script oscillates between fake covertness and genuine banality. But it is Peerce who is the master of the phony effect. No matter how tall a table or may be before it Luis gets into it, it surprise our

immediately upon her entry, the better to recover her entomachia. If she steps onto a pretty stool, we avoid follow the reflection of her face as it flies to hauntedly, hauntings from one gaudified glass cabinet to another. If a girl in a fancy, sophisticated restaurant slips her escort's face and leaves, the entire clientele stares in mortifying silence at the victim until, at the end of the night, the bartender finds the coat and life returns to their coats. At the close, Luis shamelessly cuts back and forth between plain scenes, maneuvering in their lack of subtlety, and occasionally shots of plastic surgery, passing over in their artlessness.

The movie's main premise, voiced by Fonda, "We've both changed. We don't satisfy each other's needs anymore," is never demonstrated or explained, and all the characters act to suit the whims of the plotting. Then the divorced daughter first returns to her son, Luis, Peerce's Corteaux to see her mother, the callousness that inexplicably arrives at the Paris airport and tries to make believe face the facts of deathly disfunction—crudely only to be lied, then promptly returns to Paris, but she calls the attention of Corteaux's means to her mother's real age—expunge her! And Peerce's direction plods from close-up to close-up inwards, as cutbacks fit turns every frame into a genuine two-line pastiche! The cinematographer in the same, Ernest Guiraud, who was responsible for the most remarkable work in the wacky-wacky *Gremlins* of the *Fou-Fouine*, and I particularly liked an evocative shot of Corteaux zooming in on a painted badger. But even when photographing the old Corteaux, Guiraud's camera performs a kind of cosmetic surgery, with soft-focus shooting through gentle snowshoes, as if the very Baltimore had surfaces behind their ears.

It makes one wonder at which production's lab has married Harry Peerce's brain. Just enough money for free, to get his own boy into the movies. Ash Wednesday is so bad that even Sir Terence's performance becomes almost incomprehensible in it. Fonda and Keith Baxter do act a bit, but only just, and Helmut Berger doesn't even try, which seems to come naturally to him. Complete with syrupy score by the same-talented Maurice Jarre, this is the sort of film that used to be called a woman's picture. Today, with more and more women becoming libertines, they will need their husbands not to wipe out gentle papa, but to bite into during flesh of pasted fury, Ash Wednesday is not so much about plastic surgery as about plastic... 6



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Proposed:

THAT EVERY AMERICAN SHOULD GET ONE YEAR OFF IN EVERY SEVEN

by Kenneth Lamott

Resolved: America will think about it



Because my father was both a college professor and a missionary in Japan, I was brought up under the theory that everybody took a year off every seven years. At least all the Americans we knew did. When our turn came, we packed our trunks and—amazingly, made arrangements for the survival of our cook and her family, and boarded a steamer that either delivered us to San Francisco by way of Honolulu or started us on our way to New York by way of Davao, Shanghai, Manila, Singapore, Calcutta, Aden, Port Said, Genoa, and perhaps some other intervening ports. A year later we returned, thoroughly refreshed, to the campus or Tokyo.

I was reminded of these distant, pleasant days when, 30 years ago, I got into a discussion with some of the engineers why we were seeing that a general system of sabbaticals might hold the key to a great social revolution for America. God knows, the cries for help from all directions are loud enough. People are being laid wasted by the way we live, suicide, divorce, and addiction to alcohol and other drugs are epidemic. The people who work in factories are seeing low signs of distress arising less from discontent with their paychecks than from the lack of satisfaction they get from the work they do. Women, and particularly housewives, have been rightly demanding a better place at the banquet table of life.

Furthermore, I was biased in favor of the sabbatical because I had just finished the research for a book exploring the pervasive connection between emotional stress and disease and had become convinced that there is a substantial physiological component in the beginnings of virtually every disease that one can think of, particularly the biggest killers—heart attacks, strokes,

and cancer. A general sabbatical night, it seemed to me, was sure not to be a gross encumbrance to public health.

The evidence we have in hand is that sabbaticals work, at least so far as they have been tried. As guides, we have both the long-term experience of Japan and the comparative and brief experience of the business world, where something is becoming not *less* sabbatical, or something like them, to high-level executives. These work too. Rewarding executive sabbaticals in a recent article in the *Harvard Business Review*, Eli Goldstein, president of Eastern Gas and Fuel Associates, reported on his own extremely happy experience and quoted the observation of a colleague that, "You don't have a recharged battery; you have a new motor."

Well, why shouldn't everybody else in a while have the chance to get a new motor—not just professors and business executives? How about assembly-line workers, policemen, housewives, bus drivers, self-employed professionals, bank presidents, laboratory technicians, engineers, and the like? My suggestion is largely symbolic at present, but I am a economist and I wanted to make it—it is longer done—that it was more than a little presumptuous to propagandise on behalf of a vast alliance whose extrapolations on the national economy I couldn't even begin to evaluate.

That was four months ago. I've learned a great deal since then. First, the volume and general tone of the response to the draft proposal I wrote inside it clear that a great many responsible and articulate people recognize the need for a general sabbatical.

Among the people who took the trouble to write letters of comment and criticism, often of several pages, were a Cabinet officer (Health, Education and Welfare), a former Cabinet officer (Interior), the administrators of two major government agencies (the Civil Service Commission and the Veterans Administration), two Senators, one former Senator, and in a number of Congress, the international presidents of these labor unions (the rail-

way, airline and steamship clerks, the mechanics and aerospace workers, and the state, county, and municipal employees), the chairman of the boards of two great corporations (United States Steel and PepsiCo), and such honored citizens as Marshall McLuhan, E. Paul Getty, and the Reverend Dr. Billy Graham.

I am putting together the proposal for a general sabbatical, my strategy was to send off a boldy mailing initial edition and see what sort of fire it drew. The proposal was full of my personal prejudices, which go back to an admiration for FDR and Adlai Stevenson. The rhetoric was sometimes playful rather than serious. Parts of the proposal were deliberately calculated to

annoy some people rather than to induce their approval. Boiled down, the proposal said:

"Everybody should get a sabbatical.
—It will be nobody else's business what you do as your sabbatical, but the system will be set up to encourage the Role of Opposites—for instance, the policeman will be encouraged to enter a Zen monastery. Public service and education will be other favored fields."

"Husbands and wives will be encouraged to spend their sabbaticals apart to renew themselves individually."

"Subsidized stipends will be paid out of public funds. The administrative machinery will be a Cabinet-level agency managing a budget almost as large as the Department of Defense."

THE UNIVERSAL SABBATICAL SYSTEM!

A PROPOSAL

1. In the Book of Leviticus, the Lord God Jehovah is reported to have declared that "Six years thou shalt sow thy field, and six years thou shalt plow thy vineyard, and gather in the fruit thereof; but in the seventh year shall be a sabbath of rest unto the land, a sabbath for the Lord; then shall neither sow thy field nor prune thy vineyard."

The sabbatical comes close to this prescription, for it encourages the beneficiary to let his money be used rather than to be used himself, or at least to encourage him to direct himself to a different activity and to visit different places, which, like rotating crops, may just as effectively

2. The Universal Sabbatical System (U.S.S.) will extend the sabbatical idea to all Americans of working age—men, women, wage earners, housewives, executives, assembly-line workers, professionals, garage men, the self-employed. The objective is nothing less than to reconstruct the national economy by attacking at its root the alienation of the worker from his work, which has recently been addressed as the Blue Collar Blues, the Monkey Wrench Blues, and the Job Blues. By giving ourselves breathing

space as individuals, we will learn to become more easily a nation. The whole and fuddled man will become the citizen of a whole and fulfilled nation. Furthermore, the Universal Sabbatical System will make work available to those who cannot find it, reduce the welfare rolls, stimulate the growth of the service, travel, and educational industries, and remove many of the causes of the stressed-out disease that now plagues our society.

The nation itself will be refreshed, and Old Glory will again become the symbol of hope and freedom rather than of destruction, strife and scoundrelism at home.

3. The basic idea of the U.S.S. is that every adult American will have the opportunity to enjoy a paid sabbatical every seven years. It is as simple as that.

4. Each person will be responsible for the way in which he spends his sabbatical. The agency that administers the system will first itself, with one exception (see Section 5, below), be seeing that each participant is given the maximum amount of freedom to do whatever he sees fit. The exception is that the sabbatical system, and other domestic arrangements, teaches both on the public and the private orientate. In general, domestic partners will be encouraged to spend their sabbaticals apart in order to renew themselves individually. Young children will be cared for during their parents' sabbaticals—perhaps in little-kid-like communities, operated by and for people on sabbatical. The family will in the end be strengthened.

5. Although it is nobody else's concern whether a person chooses to spend a year loafing and visiting his soul, or studying new forms of racialist French, or working in a supermarket, or counting the cows in Seminole, help will be offered those who find it hard to plan for themselves. The system will be organized to encourage the Role of Opposites. The policemen will be encouraged to enter a Zen monastery. The president of General Motors will be offered a place to live in a school for Black children in Mississippi. The meat-packer in the Kansas City stockyards will see himself as the Rover and consider the possibilities

of life. Workers in industries threatened with technological change will be encouraged to learn new skills. People with tender consciences will be offered opportunities for public service in organizations like VISTA and the Peace Corps. Sabbatical counseling will spring up as a new sub-profession.

A model for the Role of Opposites was recently provided by Dr. John R. Coleman, the president of Haven College, who revealed that on an average day he did work as a lumberjack, cobbler, garage man, dishwasher, and salad man at an artistry house.

5. Virtually the only restriction on the sabbatical will be the injunction *"Thou Shalt Not Profit."* Those who choose to work at sabbatical jobs will receive their subsidized stipends and no more. Outright moonlighters, who attempt to collect paychecks in addition to their stipends, will be dealt with as harshly as income-tax evaders are now, for they are stealing money from their fellow citizens.

6. The role of the Universal Sabbatical System is to reconstruct and other domestic arrangements teaches both on the public and the private orientate. In general, domestic partners will be encouraged to spend their sabbaticals apart in order to renew themselves individually. Young children will be cared for during their parents' sabbaticals—perhaps in little-kid-like communities, operated by and for people on sabbatical. The family will in the end be strengthened.

7. The administrative machinery to support the Universal Sabbatical System will be created by legislation as soon as possible after the sabbatical system is established. Logically, the Universal Sabbatical Agency (U.S.A.) should be part of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare; in view of the intransigent class at S.E.W., however, the

Boys and Girls Committee will consider the possibilities

—Eighteen million persons will be eligible for a sabbatical in any year. About half will probably take their sabbaticals. Based on the worker's earnings, the average sabbatical stipend will be \$8,000, generating \$72,000,000,000 per year in payments. (This figure will, however, be reduced by the earnings of people who choose to work at sabbatical jobs rather than rest, travel, or study on their sabbaticals.)

—Funds to support the sabbatical will come from several sources—various an employee and employer who pass up sabbaticals, the closing of tax loopholes, and the redistribution of lands in the federal budget.

—Unemployment will decline as people are hired to fill the empty spaces on assembly lines and other such

replacable jobs. The travel industry, the education industry, and other service industries will prosper. Inflation will be stemmed, the economy revitalized, and the national morale re-created.

I was hit by what I know nothing further when the referees began to come in. The first letter of response I received from Senator William Proxmire of Wisconsin, who chairman by calling the proposal a delightful article and then concluded croaking that, "This is the funniest post-on since the orangutan against red animals and the drive to make monkeys wear clothes." Happily, there were only two or three others who thought my tongue was in my cheek. Particularly thoughtful letters

will be created as an independent agency, headed by an officer of Cabinet rank who will concentrate a budget second only to the Department of Defense. The budget will be submitted for the review of the president, and the Secretary of Defense is our spokesman for the bureaucracy of death and destruction.

The administrative models for the U.S.A. will be the Social Security Administration and the war-survivor and veterans' benefit divisions of the Veterans Administration, two organizations that have, for all these years, evolved reasonably efficient and reasonably honest systems of handling the financial drama of extraordinarily large numbers of people.

8. The subsidized stipend will be two thirds of one employed person's average annual earnings over a seven-year period. Formulae will be developed to assure fair stipends to those who are not regularly employed, whose income is received in kind rather than in cash, and so on. Formulae, for example, presenting a spending rate.

Most importantly, married couples will benefit from a provision that assures the wife of her own individual stipend, whether she is employed outside the home or not.

9. In order to implement the rest of the U.S.S., let us consider some recent numbers. In April, 1970, the civilian labor force was estimated at a little more than 80,000,000 persons. By addition, there were about 66,000,000 housewives, giving a gross total of 125,000,000 persons of an age for sabbatical benefits. In any one year, one seventh of them, or about 18,000,000 persons, could apply for sabbatical stipends.

Given the novelty of the Universal Sabbatical System and the reluctance of many persons to risk leaving their jobs for a year, let us assume that actually only half the eligible will take advantage of this opportunity. If the 9,000,000 people on sabbatical

will thus assumption is correct, 8,000,000 people will go on sabbatical the first operational year of the system.

The median family income will soon be \$12,000. Two thirds of this is \$8,000. New civilian sabbaticals at an average of 18,000 each will cost \$72,000,000,000 in sabbatical stipends to be paid out. An additional five percent for administration produces a total budget of \$75,500,000,000. This compares favorably with the budget for the Department of Defense.

10. A quarter of the program will be rendered self-supporting by virtue of those who choose to work at paid sabbatical jobs. Another quarter will be generated by tax-exempted workers who decline to take sabbaticals but are willing to contribute to the program. Still another quarter will be raised through progressively closing the loopholes in the income-tax system (Philip M. Stern has estimated in his recent *The Shape of the Taxpayer* that these loopholes currently amount to the loss to the public coffers of \$7,000,000,000 annually)—enough to support the entire Universal Sabbatical System with about a billion left over. The remaining \$8,000,000,000, representing about seven percent of the federal budget, will be raised by the combination of budgetary adjustments. ("The most likely to be used times in the Department of Defense and the C.I.A., but from any combination of categories, the U.S.S. is clearly of a higher order of priority than these agencies.")

As the U.S.S. grows and its beneficial effects are realized, further support will come from funds previously allocated to unemployment insurance and welfare since an estimated \$6,000,000 jobs will be created.

11. Not the least of the benefits of the U.S.S. will be its encouragement of industries serving sabbatical needs. If the 9,000,000 people on sabbatical

spread an average of only \$1,000 a year in travel, a sum of \$9,000,000,000 will be pumped into the travel industry. If a quarter of the people on sabbatical are engaged in educational and other noncommercial activities, \$1,125,000,000 will flow into the education industry, with spin-offs into such associated industries as publishing and the production of educational aids. Other service industries will benefit proportionately.

In the long run, the Universal Sabbatical System will convert the United States from an economy based primarily on preparations for war to an economy based primarily on the satisfaction of the most deeply felt human needs.

12. The effect of the U.S.S. on inflation will be profound. The administrative model is the Social Security system, which, in the preceding average annual income, Social Security will manage comfortably on this sum, but others—probably the majority—will need to supplement their stipend with savings. We have assumed that half the work force (including housewives) will take part in the U.S.S. This amounts to 43,000,000 people. In any year, 9,000,000 will be on sabbatical. The remaining 35,000,000 will be saving toward their sabbaticals. Each of these will be saving an average of only \$30 a month. \$10,000,000,000 a year will be withdrawn from circulation. The deflationary effect would surely be enormous.

13. The Universal Sabbatical System is one of those rare proposals that will truly benefit both the individual and the nation. Its costs are considerable, but its advantages—to the society, to the economy, and to the human spirit—are even more considerable. The long and arduous task remains of convincing the voters to demand such a system from those who make our laws.

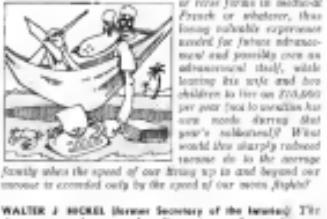
national worker boats and planes and exhausts his unemployable benefits before taking up new work, our system is, "How awful!" We see that as undercutting the work ethic.

MIL CHIN: I am surprised that the Rule of Opposites would prove either feasible or acceptable. It is all very well for the highly trained, but what about the untrained? A doctor can't double in chelotherapy, but the ditchdigger cannot reverse his equation. So who fits in for the doctor during his absence?

SENATOR INGLES: The Rule of Opposites is disastrous. According to it, the system will be organized to encourage the untrained to become recruited as doctors which are not opposite to the function of this occupation. A substantial amount requires nothing. That is the point of it. It should give people time to repair damage of themselves. Since many of us have dreams, either small or large, from which we normally sleep, I might add that for most Americans these two types in the dream scenario would be considered as operating under the Rule of Opposites.

CHARLES DENNIS (International President, Brotherhood of Railways, Airline and Steamship Clerks): John does only Mary and there has to be a break in her \$15,000-a-year. That represents John's salary from a small plant where he is running up the ladder, and hopeful of advancement to the top manager's job after leaving his apprenticeship and working for several operations created by natural attrition.

Paid with the opportunity of U.S.-S., what should we call John and Take off for a year to contemplate his next *at river farms in medieval France* or whatever, thus losing valuable experience needed for future advancement and possibly even as an administrator, study, while learning the art of his trade? His children to the tune of \$1000 per year face to successors has new needs during that year's sabbatical? What would this sharply reduced income do to the average family when the speed of our living up to and beyond our income is exceeded only by the speed of our more flighty?



WALTER J. MICHEL (former Secretary of the Treasury): The American workpeople doesn't want more frugal time as much as he wants more satisfying time, on the job and off.

MICHAEL FISHER: There are several areas in which the plan could be considered counterproductive. For example, the health field of a medical school is to find people and not necessarily specialists holds a year out amounts to a whole program. In such areas, an employer might recruit from a year's sabbatical to find himself unable to enter with new technology. This would create job situations of an entirely different level.

SECRETARY MINSKERSON: One should also be aware, in trying to upgrade skills through sabbaticals for most of the work force, that maybe as those skills cannot be applied to the firm, where the worker was originally hired to his sabbatical, security and pension problems are of considerable concern.

MARSHALL MULUMAH (author and Director, Center for Culture and Technology, University of Toronto): Apropos your thoughts about the sabbatical for all people, the effects here

already been here in the form of unemployment and increasing leisure, and in the flip from job-holding to non-working under the institutional sector increasingly dominant. The sabbatical would seem to be the way of returning the need for multiple job-holding, or, in other words, rule-planning. If one goes to a job-holding, it is a kind of a checkbook, and it diminishes the need for increasing incentives for multiple careers. In point of fact, however, the spreading of information in the world we live in has produced the same situation as that of a rapidly increased life-span. It is possible to extend the ordinary potential of almost any occupational rate or situation in a few months, so that if it is meaningless to spend one's entire life-span in a repetitive and sporadic situation.

ADMIRAL LA ROCQUE: A much more simple and direct solution for the location and raising of those who have difficult employment jobs is a guaranteed annual vacation case every ten years at the government's expense. In this present period, the individual could work or not work, travel or not travel, etc. The Universal Sabbatical System requires such a highly structured system that, in the long run, the individual would be satisfied.

SENATOR JACOB K. JAVITS (Represents, New York): The idea of doing nothing every seven years is delightful, and I like your use of the term of sabbatical. I don't quite know how you would apply every U.S.A. Senator gets paid, so my Senator could fit into you, in virtually independence, but I suggest it would create a situation where the Senator would do speeches, just as people went to no restaurants, and spend off this running utility billers of taxes and contributions.

Please note that Admiral La Rocque, whose first response was somewhat hostile, has gone on to advocate a government-subsidized vacation every ten years. Give or take three years, he seems to be a convert.

With regard to some of the other criticisms, it needs to be understood that although the use of extensions is a definite financial device, it doesn't contribute much to this dimension. The Rule of Opposites is not mandatory. Surely, though, a doctor practicing in, say, Harpers or Watts would become a much better doctor if he spent his sabbatical living and working as his patients live and work. The reverse isn't true and of course doesn't really have anything to do with the case. So the answer to the question Who fits in for the doctor? is simple: another doctor.

Something like this is already being done at medical schools which invite practicing doctors to work and study in their teaching hospitals for periods of six months or more. During this time, the doctor's practice is taken care of by a third- or fourth-year student in a clinical setting (not a teacher). But I further benefit—the practicing physician is renewing the source of his knowledge and skill, and the patient by coming to grips with the real world of everyday practice.

The fact of the matter is that most people aren't entrepreneurs or airline pilots or certified public accountants. The great bulk of jobs in factories and offices could be filled by people who are easily unemployed.

Mr. Dennis' example of John Doe, with his jaw-dropping ambitions, his \$15,000 a year, his wife Mary and their two kids is precisely to the point, though not in the way that Mr. Dennis intended it. If John doesn't get out of his aquatic apes pretty soon and spend a year doing something else—almost anything else—Mary is going to become a young widow and those two kids aren't going to get to college.

None of the correspondents seemed to care very much

for the proposal's prohibition on using the sabbatical period to make some extra money.

SENATOR INOUE: Why not allow the individual to "income-split"? Perhaps if just a smattering of individuals would not want allowances in the initial extent of the opportunity but I have facts that after time, the average citizen would come to appreciate the significance of their opportunity.

BON FAIRMAN (Director of Publications, Nobel Abundance and General Corp.) The relatives "Don't Need Profit" assist us in our rather unrealistic. If one could profit by doing something else for a year, would not the individual be more attractive?

MICHAEL LIMOWEY: I question your valuation of "These Shall Not Profit," and your suggestion for dealing with endowments. Some sort of punishment would be appropriate, but the punishment should fit the crime. Perhaps the punishment

would fit those upon the separation of a substantial peer, no retribution would be made as to whether an employee who had been misappropriating would get his old job back.

Senator Inouye and Mr. Fisher seem to have got the stick by the wrong end. We have no incentive of discouraging individuals to do what they feel is right work on their sabbatical. More power to them! But the idea of a fine for their taking the job should be it's interest and not its salary.

The idea that partners in a marriage might benefit from a sabbatical from each other generated a good deal of opposition.

GENERAL GAYN: Putting a heavier on a sabbatical may not be popular, but who is going to do what who is expected to do? Perhaps both deserved and wife could go on a sabbatical together, but that raises problems about the family.

DR. WOLMAN: The article is (Continued on page 167)

OKAY, BUT HOW ABOUT THE ECONOMICS OF THE THING?

kinds of jobs you can get for a year that carry responsibility and security are limited.

THREE: Education and training. This means still more money because most people won't go back to school unless it's free. And you can't educate a student for anything less than \$12,000-\$18,000 a year. The educational system now runs at a rate of about \$30,000-\$60,000 a year. If two or three million more people wanted education or training and each one cost, say, \$2,000 a year, that would add about \$18,000,000,000 to the annual budget spent for education.

HORN: Mr. Lamont, I agree. From my point of view, the sabbatical is a good idea, but at the outcome of his calculations, "Who, that's not totally incredible," he said. "In fact, it doesn't sound too staggering."

He continued, "The important thing is that taking a year off approves the chance of people getting into jobs more useful to themselves and society. A big problem will be in guaranteeing that the jobs will be waiting when the person on sabbatical returns. This is going to be extremely hard to administer."

One of the main concerns of the sabbatical proposal was with respect to some aspects of the proposal. "A big problem is the inability just to withdraw into the economy by paying people out of tax money," he said. "Whenever you propose more taxes, you introduce a surplus into the economy. And there's no point in inverting the \$77,000,000,000 in tax loopholes. That's a plain exaggeration. Besides, cutting some of these loopholes in the process, the environment."

He countered, however, on practical grounds. "The idea," he wrote, "has no chance of being accepted so long as millions of Americans continue to exist below the poverty line."

THE UNIVERSAL SABBATICAL SYSTEM? You can finance anything—if you wait. Maybe the additional taxes aren't unacceptable, but they do weigh against the segment in favor of a universal sabbatical."

Professor Arrow was especially severe as the anti-collective hypothesis of the sabbatical plan, but concluded that the total economic effects of the sabbatical could be predicted and tolerable. The argument that the Universal Sabbatical will cure inflation in wages and a falling price level is wrong, he said. People will be earning more, but later, not immediately. The effects will tend to even out. An inflationary loop can be avoided if it is controlled at the outcome of his calculations. "Who, that's not totally incredible," he said. "In fact, it doesn't sound too staggering."

He continued, "The important

thing is that taking a year off approves the chance of people getting into jobs more useful to themselves and society. A big problem will be in guaranteeing that the jobs will be waiting when the person on sabbatical returns. This is going to be extremely hard to administer."

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The Healing Hand of Mr. E

by David M. Rorvik

News from the lab on the feasibility of miracles



What can you say about a seventy-five-year-old retired Hungarian army colonel who "healed" several of his wives, disarmed barky snarlers and distressed emosies? The most important thing, observes Dr. Butler M. Josta-Josta, biochemist and cardiologist, is what you can't say. "You can't say that it's pseudoscientific, the power of suggestion, that it's all in your head." Hungarians don't have heads. Neither do barky snarlers, and—as far as anyone knows—neither are they susceptible to suggestion, are not subject to suggestion.

We (and I include myself) have long assumed that perhaps even confronted our behaviorist-bombarded selves with the conviction that unorthodox healers are probably charlatans who, to the extent that they succeeded at all, are only capitalizing on an unfortunate latency weakness in man's overdeveloped cortex—has suggestibility. We shake our heads disbelievingly and march our prescription tablets, conveniently forgetting about the placebo, the sugar pill that does nothing but make us feel better because it is tinged with potent nostrum. If there is a real lesson to be learned from the placebo (for the behaviorist the bitterest pill of all) we generally choose not to learn it.

Of course, we are embarrassed occasionally by the amorphous-basically-clueless logic of a child (or a childlike mind) who will ask, even if it is "only hypnosis" or "only suggestion," shouldn't it be investigated if it works? The galling implication of all this is that if we could just find out what "only suggests" in battle it and call it something that the average person might have for free tea-breaks.

Embarrassing, yes; yet to consider, however, when respectable amateurs begin poking into their feathers, devising clever ways of eliminating the suggestible factor and still coming up with results that show that at least some psychic healers have real (in the scientific, statistical, hard-nosed sense of the word) effects that are observable, measurable, reproducible and beneficial. When I first heard (from some staff members of the Menninger Foundation) that a man who was providing a service—albeit with a price in mind of "healing"—to my mutual confusion was one of at least wild distinction, was this some new fangled scheme to prove the existence of God? And what, for God's

sake, was a man doing dabbling in what many people, myself included, would label the occult? The study remembered was of my childhood, I was comforted, would have given a psychic healer a birth as wide as the one reserved for Satan himself.

Bru Bruis Josta, as I was to learn, is a mix who has "kicked the habit." Despite the convics that make her feel like she's "regained the human race," however, Sister Josta is still very much a Franciscan and she also happens to hold a Ph.D. in organic chemistry (University of Bonn), a Ph.D. in biochemical and physical chemistry (St. Louis University) and a Ph.D. in biochemistry (Baylor Institute for Advanced Studies). She does not know when I tell her that she looks fifteen years younger than her confirmed sixty. I suspect that it has something to do with her exercise and I am not for wrong. ("I'm a nutrionist," she says, "I eat right.") Crisp, compact and spicety-tidy, she is every inch the scientist. Though I am reminded in our initial conversation that the joy that she used to characterize the practice of Dr. H. H. Bailey is not at all incompatible with the driving creativity of the good scientist.

As for the "inappropriateness" of a non-dear psychic research, Sister Josta discusses this with the intelligence that she does scientific research—permed. "The work I did on psych healing was simply an extension of the kinetic studies I had been running on enzymes for some time." As for the Church's feelings about this, Sister Josta says that hasn't been any tick and she doesn't expect any. It was at Rosary Hill College, now Catholic school where her own private education of college, in Buffalo, that Sister Josta first became interested in psychic healing. She was head of the social sciences program offered by the college, a position she recently resigned to become assistant director of education at Roswell Park Memorial Institute, a leading cancer research center. A young teacher from McGill University, Dr. Bernard Grud, delivered a lecture at Rosary Hill in 1969 which, to Sister Josta, another teacher, was astonishing to say the least.

Dr. Grud reported as an intriguing example of a "psychic" project involving a retired Hungarian army colonel named Oskar Estevez—a man who was generally referred to only as "Mr. E." It seemed that Mr. E had, by the simple laying on

of hands, worked wonders with both male and female seedlings—experimental "subjects" selected by the enterprising Dr. Grud for their lack of susceptibility. Numerous rice were expanded in the laboratory in identical fashion and then treated, as we shall see later, in greater detail, under double-blind conditions that kept the researchers from knowing which rice had been treated which until the experiment had been concluded.

The animals were all treated in sets of three ways by Mr. E, by washing all the solutions in water through all the solutions of growing sets of hands, and by setting it all. The mice treated by Mr. E healed at significantly faster rates than those in the other two groups. Is another experiment that Sister Josta heard Dr. Grud describe, seedlings nourished with water that Mr. E had merely held in his hands grew more vigorously than those given untreated water?

"I was very impressed with the tight controls that Dr. Grud used in his experiments," Sister Josta remembers, "but to be truthful I was skeptical. When I met Mr. E at a scientific conference in Chicago, we talked about this, and Dr. Grud, aware of my extreme skepticism, suggested that I obtain a tickletrap to test Mr. E myself." It is Sister Josta's thesis that since enzymes are necessary for catalyzing all metabolic reactions within cells all bodily malfunctions will manifest themselves, to some extent, at the enzyme level. Thus, if the body is to be healed of some malfunctions, the healing process must also rearrange itself at the enzyme level.

Sister Josta had done extensive research on the effects of magnetic fields on trypsin, a pancreatic enzyme essential for the proper digestion of protein, and had discredited many of her colleagues by demonstrating that these physical fields could substantially increase the activity of the enzyme. She suggested that she now use her well-developed enzyme technique to test the effect of a human "healer" was reasonable. "It was, exactly what I had done so many times before," she says, "except that this time the extra control was the expectation—a man can set out the magnetic or ultraviolet energies I had used before, but a hypothetical healer cannot."

In the States in 1967, Mr. E

silently disappeared. (Continued on page 155)

Can Bob Evans Find True Happiness?

by Gerald Clarke

*The heartwarming story of a child star and pants salesman who rose to be *Ali MacGraw's* ex-husband and a magnate of magnates in glittering Hollywood, and yet ...*

Bob Evans is handsome. Bob Evans is charming. Bob Evans is kind. Bob Evans is the most envied man in Hollywood—head of the studio that produced the biggest money-making history, *The Godfather*, and one of the all-time classics, *Love Story*. “Everybody wants to catch the gold ring once in his lifetime,” another one admiring producer, “Here’s a guy who caught it twice.” Everyone wonders when he’ll grab it again? Some days it seems everyone wants to be Bob Evans, too. Bob Evans. As he is by his own singular pool in Beverly Hills, he beaves a theatrical sigh from time to time across the elaborately walled *as if I’m from the earth* studio where he can see the little movie theater, the two acres of carefully manicured trees and shrubs, the lovely guest cottage that houses such visiting celebrities as Roger Moore and Ted Kennedy, the elegant, modern-room, French Regency-style houses, and the thirty-two places, the Etruscan figures, the Greek reproductions, and all the other beautiful objets d’art and bric-a-brac inside. “For every moment of happiness,” he complains, “I’ve had at least an hour of frustration, disconcerted, and heartache.”

Most days, however, even Bob Evans likes being Bob Evans, the highest-billed actor in the biggest business in town. “My business is *growing*,” he says. “It’s the underlying instinct that makes me tick. I don’t think I’m any more than that than the next person at all, but I know I’m trying my best. I’ve always been competitive. When I stepped into my job, Paramount Pictures was the last company or the latest group. We were twenty-five lengths behind. We’re number one today, and I think we will be next year, too.” Movie moguls have always been gamblers, both inside and outside the business—is the Foster, for example, Catherine’s Harry Cohn used to bet between \$5,000 and \$10,000 a day on the horses—but only in the last decade or so have the stakes been so high. More than one studio nearly founders when the gauntlet cord of big-budget *Ramseys* in the Sixties, while percentage deals, unknown in the sixties of the great studios, have made millionaires of ex-hollywood mafiosi in sandal and

beards. Anyways with a seven-dollar box office can now dream of millions and movie people talk about “the action” and “the odds” as if they were playing *Reefer Games*. When I talked with Evans, Paramount had placed on its biggest hat, about \$61,180,000, on a movie version of F. Scott Fitzgerald’s *The Great Gatsby*, as it’s originally conceived by Ali MacGraw, Evans’ ex-wife, who wanted to play Daisy Buchanan. When Ali left Evans in 1973 for Steve McQueen, she performed the part, but Evans was determined to go on with the picture. “In *Gatsby* I think we have the last work of that author,” he tells me proudly. “A lot of people felt it was a bit financially, they did it for the money, but I wanted it desperately. We’ve made the greatest movie of all time, I think, a story that it was in the book, and Miss Fortune is just another as *Gatsby*. It’s a new and less noisy story. Women love to see men—woman shaves, and they never care for the themes. If you had a picture that a man will like and a woman will want to see, you have a chance to hit the whole package.”

The search for the jacket pieces much more than money to Evans, and he makes it sound as elevating as the quest for the Holy Grail and as alluring as Gatsby’s own search for the green light at the end of Nick’s dock—the organic future,” as Fitzgerald called it, “that pass to you needs before us.” Indeed, many people have noted parallels between Evans and Fitzgerald’s romantic heroes. A former actor, he is currently a producer, playing the role of a director on a picture project of several years ago, and he has been approached to do a film of *The Last Tycoon*, playing Maxine Stade, the behind-the-scenes press Fitzgerald modeled after M.G.M.’s legendary Irving Thalberg. He boldly asserts, “Not that I wouldn’t like to take it,” he quickly adds on. “I hope I’m not considered nuts. But I wouldn’t take it. First of all, it would be a conflict of interest, so I couldn’t do it. Secondly, I’ve driven so hard to kiss the nose of a B-movie. Why fall into the trap again? I had a tough job—and believe me when I say ‘thank’—to get rid of the image of an actor. It’s difficult enough to be respected on the other side of the

desk. Besides, from an egotistical standpoint, I’m more of a star in what I do today than most actors are.”

The movie industry, though, is not entirely pleased in Evans. Until it is seen more often again. It watches him, follows him, and hundreds of carefully maneuvered hands chase him, set to knock him, as if they belonged to superstitious panics seeking divine aid from the vestments of a holy man instead of belonging to *Bel Air* producers hoping to get a piece of the action. “Everybody wants to be tied to success,” explains producer Daniel Schneidman, whose father, David O. Selznick (*Giant*, *With the Wind*, *Rebecca*), and grandfather, Louis B. Mayer (the second “M” of M.G.M.), were two of the most successful men ever in history. “Everybody hopes that Evans will bring something creative to his own efforts. He has the same drive that my grandfather and my father, and other people who created the business had. He’s a doer. At 27, he’s an entrepreneur, a combination of honest and artistic qualities. Harry Cohn and he could tell if a picture was good if his fancy didn’t agree. Evans has that same back-of-the-parts instinct.”

Human Potential, who directed *Baroness’s Body*, Evans’ first big hit at Paramount, had not noticed Evans’ fancy, but he does find him a happy assistant in other movie negotiations. “There’s something peculiar about this industry that attracts very strange people,” says Palumbo with chilly shivers. “They are people of very doubtful mentality, I would say. They usually have very serious ego problems, and they try to show off at every stage of production. Being artistically and themselves, they usually have tremendous contempt for artists. Whenever they can get even with the artist, they try to do it. Whenever they can get the art up financially, they do it. Whenever they can get the art over and eat it themselves, they do it, whenever they can impress a girl friend, or whatever, they do it. Bob hasn’t got that way of looking at things. He has a very stellar ego, but it is channeled in the right way. It is satisfied by achievement itself. What he wants to do is show ‘them’ that this film is going to be a success, you know. Maybe it has to do with the fact that he was an actor. He approached it from a different angle. I don’t think he’ll have an actor’s peevish on his leg to get back at him, as one actor once did to the head of a studio.”

Peripherally, Evans holds a tighter rein on production than any other studio head today. He passes on the script, producer, the director, and the cast. Once the picture starts, he basically works himself right out of the picture, leaving his hand to guide a director if he does not like something. “Unlike most of my counterparts I don’t get involved in the executive end of the business,” he says. “I get involved in the making of the film, which involves a lot of people. Many of the executives at Warner Brothers have quit out. No one gets involved with Stanley Kubrick, for example. He makes his picture and that’s it. I rarely give final cut, and many directors would rather work at Warner Brothers than Paramount. But I feel as long as we put up the money we should have final say.”

“Arthur Hiller, who directed *Love Story*, and he wouldn’t let Ryan O’Neal, for example. He said he was afraid that Evans would give the picture a *soaper* stigma because of all his years on *Playboy*. Plus me and that there was a bad taste. Carl Reiner was very afraid of good comedies, but he was at least friendly with Ryan. I said, ‘I’m sorry, I disagree, Arthur. I insist on using Ryan O’Neal. If you can’t make the picture with him, then don’t make it.’ He changed his mind, but if I hadn’t made that deal

stand, he wouldn’t have used Ryan. And Ryan was a great reader, and that’s what the part was.”

“My best talent is post-production—not the pre-production, not even the production, but the post-production. My talents come in best in the editing, the scenes, the putting together, the final touches. The first version of *Love Story*, for instance, opened with Ryan going to the doctor and finding out in the first scene that Ali is dying of cancer. Making it that way didn’t work at all, because you didn’t care about the people. The buildup wasn’t there. We reedited the whole chronology of the story so that you didn’t find out until the last third. And then you cared. It’s odd how as many elements make a picture work if we had seen the original scenes. The particular location is a definite, too. It was done so frenzied. We held up shooting for three months to have a new scene written, a romantic scene. I talked with Bert Bachman to see if he would come in to write it. I played him a Francis Lai score to let him hear what I wanted him to sing. ‘If you want Francis Lai, go to Francis Lai. Don’t come to me.’ So I flew over to France to meet with Francis Lai, and he did the music. If you take his score out, the picture simply doesn’t play.” He adds, with somewhat less enthusiasm in the telling, as if the credits had not yet completely disappeared. “I also had big fights with Francis Ford Coppola [the director] over the score for *The Godfather*. It was a very tough go with Francis and me.”

“Whoa! Whoa!” I say.

“Well, I guess I would have to say I did as most of it,” he continues. “I’m not a very temperamental director, but he did sometimes equally embarrassing things. When he closed at the podium to receive *The Godfather*’s award for Best Picture, he very carefully thanked Peter Berg, who was then Evans’ assistant—and just as carefully omitted Evans himself. “The whole Paramount studio was up in the air for a week over that one,” one producer tells me.

The strongest of all reigning studio heads, Evans, too, has people, both of them in New York, who can say as to him: *Presto Yablon*, the aggressive, thirty-eight-year-old corporate president, and Charles Blodford, the chairman of Gulf & Western, the conglomerate that owns Paramount. There were rumors when Yablon took office in 1971 that he tried to oust Evans, only to find that Evans had made Evans congenitally, and that, in any event, he was not interested in the kind of business that “I sold *Presto* that ever since that was station people have taken to him,” says Evans’ older brother Charles. “When Bob wants to have the charm on, there are no defenses against him.” Whether the rumors were true or not (and both men offer preclusive denials), Yablon is still annoyed when people think that Evans, with his style, flair, and keen publicity sense, is Mr. Paramount. I was not allowed such a misconception. At forty-five sees afternoons in New York I received a call from Paramount’s corporate headquarters.

“This is Charles Glenn, a vice-president of Paramount Pictures, and I have George Wasser, executive director of advertising and public relations, on the line with me. Frank Yablon will see you in his office at ten o’clock tomorrow morning.” “I’m sorry,” I say to them, “but I have another appointment tomorrow at ten.”

“And he told me to tell you that if you’re not there, there will be no story.” “But I don’t ask for an interview with Mr. Yablon,” I vainly protest.



Sketched by Anne Pollard

"You wanted some figures from our publicity department, didn't you? This is the only way you can get them." I was finally able to make another date with Yabians, who was himself all, or nearly all, charise in person. After a few minutes of pleasantries about Parliament and a brief lecture on the duties of Parliament's president, he sat in a half-dozentell call to Evans.

"Bob-boy," he said, measuring the syllables with his tongue as if they were successive little candles he wanted to make last until dinner. "There's a writer here who says you claim credit for the success of *Parliament*."

"Oh, yes," Yabians had the phone on loudspeaker and Evans' voice, half mused of that point, boomed the length of the office.

"He says you say you're a big Hollywood mogul," Bob-boy, "—"

"...oh, for God's sake."

"...and that you make all the decisions here."

"...oh, no, Peacock, let me speak to you a minute," Yabians, who had already sensed Evans' discomfort, turned off the loudspeaker. Intoned irritably for a minute, with a few sighs and assorting groans, this turned the conversation public again so that Evans could talk to me.

"Hello, Gary. Can you hear me, Gary?" Like Southwicks, most people are liberal with nicknames, which they spout like a conversational condiment after every fifth or sixth word. "I think your story should really be about both Frank and me, Gary, and I think you could give more emphasis to both of us. I think most that, Gary. We really have a unique relationship. There's been nothing like it since Thalberg and Mayer."

A few days later I had lunch alone with Yabians, who explained that he had no objection to Evans' job, nor Evans on his. What an oddly words it is, Yabians said, as President of the United States, and he is already contemplating running for Mayor of New York in 1977 as the first step on his road to the White House. His relationship with Evans, he asserted with what seemed like at least partial conviction, is like that between brothers—and brothers can speak frankly to one another. "Bob survived three presidents," he jovially informed me. "I told him that he won't survive the fourth. I told him that if I go down, he goes down with me."

Like Jay Gatsby, Evans at an early age seemed to have had a platonic conception of the swift, romantic career he wanted to live, and has never wavered from that goal. He is almost the handsome, too casually dressed in his Beverly Hills elegance, as if he had wrapped himself in negligee years ago and was afraid to unwrap the package for fear of spoiling the contents. In real life, his family was middle-class Hungarian Jewish, with strong family attachments. His father was a dentist who "never had a friend in his life," says Charles Evans. "His total interest was in his wife and children."

When Bob was chosen to decide to go on radio and, with characteristic chagrin, went downstage to CBS and NBC for soap-operas auditions. A year or so later he was appearing on such shows as *The Right to Happiness*, *Young Riders*, *Aspects*, and *The Abbott Family*. By the time he was fifteen or sixteen, he was sometimes making as much as several hundred dollars a week by going out with girls in their twenties, taking them to Manhattan's best restaurants in chauffeured limousines. "He had a terrific line," remembers actor

Dick Van Patten, another kid on the soap. "He would never run out of come-ons."

By seventeen, little Bobby was nearly burned out, and his parents took him to Florida to recuperate. When he came back to New York, he discovered that his radio career had evaporated, and, in desperation, he joined Charles in Knickerbocker, the woman's sportswear firm that Charles and Joseph Parone had started. Then, as always, Evans could turn on enough charm to sell bikinis to Eskimos, and by the time he left he was executive vice-president of the actress-clothing division. "I don't know if I ever been happier at Knickerbocker," Charles recalls. "I say it only 'cause I don't know whether to believe her or not." While he's doing something, he is trying to win her back that year. "The impression he has is it." In any event, when the firm was sold to Marks in the early Sixties, Bob, by then a partner in the company's stocks manufacturing division, was not unhappy at walking away with a couple million dollars.

Even before he was selling stocks, Evans had temporarily resumed his acting career. Starting himself one day in the mid-Fifties beside the pool of the Beverly Hills Hotel, he was spotted by Susanna Sherron, who thought he seemed as much like her late husband, Irving Thalberg, that she lent him the small Thalberg part in a third biography of Ian Cluney. A few months later, that role finished, Evans was suddenly approached in El Morocco by Darryl F. Zanuck, who thought he would be a fine look-alike in *The Stooge*. Also Darryl Zanuck was the only one, however, who felt that "he" was the right man for the part. The picture *Honesty* was indeed a real matador, and Artaudian. The part for an Italian actor she was eager out with at the time. The director sent a cable to Zanuck in London saying: "Everyone in the cast, including yourself, wants Evans out of the picture. I suggest you fly over from London and settle this problem immediately." Zavick came from London and walked into the building with a magnifying glass. He watched me make a few passes and refled into the magnifying glass. "I think the look looks great. Anyone who doesn't like it can leave the picture." He sat down and started puffing on a cigar. It showed real balls, you know. It makes a bag man big, and it was a great lesson to me in my life. Make a decision and stick with it, and don't be pushed around by anybody."

Despite Zanuck and Sherron, Evans' second acting career was not destined to make more than the first. Realizing he would never be any good, he decided to stick with selling. When the Beatles walked some through, however, Evans went back to Hollywood—but as a producer, not an actor. He established himself under the loose aegis of Twentieth Century-Fox and searched frantically for properties. Peter Bart, who was then show-business correspondent for *The New York Times*, wrote a story about how that caught the eye of Charles Rabinov, who was searching equally frantically for someone who could make something of his newest acquisition, Paramount Pictures. He gave the job to Evans.

At first, and for several years thereafter, Evans, with his pretty face and playful image, was not taken seriously. "Everybody expected me to fail as my son," he remembers, "and the odds were very heavy, that I would. There was one a front-page story in *The Times* that I was dying first. Everybody gave me six months to live. I made nothing worse than that out-of-the-pants incident for what makes a picture work had not yet surfaced. One by one his disasters—*Pestil*, *Fear*, *Wages*, *The Molly McGahey*. (Continued on page 148)

The Problem of Chu Chu Malave

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We've come a long way, fight fans, since underprivileged but self-disciplined kids used boxing as a ladder out of America's ghettos into its cerebral-injury wards. Chu Chu here has been a professional for four years, winning heavyweight of twenty-five to the applause of multitudes, but whereas, say, Rocky Marciano's following was composed mainly of people who came to see him win, Chu Chu's粘ots, like those who follow the careers of el Cerdoblanco and Muñoz, seem to have something else in mind. These in Foxboro don't what they was, folks. Leave us examine together the dimensions of the phenomenon on the following pages.

First, a preliminary statement of the critical question



A few tentative assessments and obiter dicta from the coterie



Overreacher?

Gordon matchmaker Teddy Brenner isn't sure Chu Chu is a serious person. "You've got to live boxing twenty-four hours a day or you can't make it."



Chu Chu's most recent appearance was against former World Lightheavyweight Champion Ken Buchanan last September 1 in New York.



Culture hero?

Toledo illustrator Antonio, Chu Chu represents the new Puerto Rican generation—"people who found out what they wanted to do and did it."



Actor?

Director Eli Kassner has given Chu Chu private lessons in the art, and he played a Puerto Rican gang leader in the recent police movie *Badge 373*.



Rounds two and three were close. Chu Chu, dazed by Buchanan's blows in the first, went back to work as the champion but never fully recovered.



Beautiful person?

Artist Richard Merkin: "Chu Chu is awfully pretty. Fashion and media people, more than his athletic talent, have made him a cult figure."

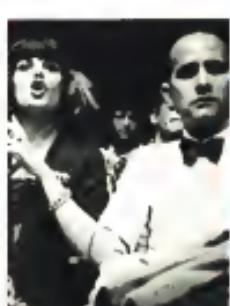


Chu Chu found himself again in the fourth, landed a lot of good punches, won the round on the scorecards, and opened this cut on Buchanan's eye.



Enigma?

Recording star and composer Isaac Hayes, described by Chu Chu and his manager as "a fan, definitely a fan," nevertheless wouldn't say why.



Hierophant?

Fashion photographer Juan Ramos: "You identify with Chu Chu as you would with an actor onstage—you become a participant, not a mere spectator of the fight."



Experience showed in the sixth, as the early punches Chu Chu took began to tell. Buchanan, though ahead, was not yet necessarily a sure winner.



A star is struck
Invited to comment on the style
and significance of Chu Chu for
the world of sport, Muhammad
Ali observed, "What's he?" Well,
Maybe that's why the referee
stepped in the Bokshausen fight
after one minute forty-three
seconds of the seventh round,
when things had reached the
stage shown at left. Beauty and
style can draw a Kathleen
crowd, it appears, but cannot
permanently avert losing. What
is the solution? The new
American solution, of course, is
to transcend the problem, like
this—Can Mick Jagger sing? Can
Ali McGraw act? Can Rod
McKuen write verse, or Pete
Hamill prose? Then need Chu
Chu Malone fight? Star quality
is not constrained within the
narrow limits of technique; if
just, oh so infinitesimally, in

Quadberry

by Barry Hannah

A solution of sorts



A week after the fight the hero, substantially restored to his original form, receives a deputation of admiring offici. And that, right fous, is the answer, if there is one.

When I was ten, eleven, and twelve, I did a good bit of play in the backyard of a three-story wooden house my father had bought and painted out. We lived right across the street from it, but over here was the place to do your real play. There was an old barnyard but overgrown gardens, a vine-entwined fence of the back yard, and beyond the fence a field where we could run amok. This was the country. This was the town, Clinton, Mississippi, between Jackson on the east and Vicksburg on the west. On this lot stood a few water tanks, a few planter houses, and much overgrowth of honeylocust vines. At the very back end, at the fence, stood three strong mad cherry trees.

In Mississippi it is difficult to achieve a vista. But my friends and I had one here at the back corner of the garden. We could see across the cornfield, see the one lone tan-roofed house this side of the railroad tracks, then on across the tracks were many other bleaker houses with ruster iron roofs, smoke coming out of the chimneys in the late fall. This was sippertown. We had houmous and could see the colored children shouting about and perhaps a dogless dog or two with her breed loose. We could see up and across through the branches one afternoon in October we which summer had come and beat a large hen on the head. They used an ax and the hen kept running around, head leaning toward the ground, for several minutes before it lay down. I thought I saw the men laughing when it finally did. One of them was older than, plainly drunk to my sight, from three hundred yards away. He had the long knife. Because of that scene I considered Northern savages onwards for a good five more years of my life. One could bring some sausages to my mother and when it was put in the pan to fry, I made a point of running out of the house.

I went directly across the street and to the back of the garden behind the apartment house we owned, without my breakfast. That was Saturday. Eventually, Radcliffe saw me. His parents had him moving the day that ran alongside mine. He moved into the power house and I went next to his room, which was three ways. His mother maintained hand-some flower grounds all at cost; she had a leaf-mold bin and St. Augustine grass as sod as a rug.

Radcliffe himself was a violent experimental chemist. When Radcliffe was eight, he threw a whole package of BB shells against the sidewalk from off his beaten path; one of them went off driving lead fragments into his calf, most of them still deep in there where the sur-

geons never dared tanger. Radcliffe knew about the sulfur, potassium nitrate and charcoal mixture for gunpowder when he was ten. He bought things through the mail when he ran out of ingredients in his chemistry sets. When he was an infant, his father, a quiet man who owned the Chevrolet agency in town, bought an entire farm in the country, and the middle of their backyard he built a house glass-paneled and east, one room and a kitchen, where Radcliffe's redundant toys furthermore were kept—all the possible toys he would need for boyhood. There were things in there that Radcliffe, and I, were not mature enough for and did not know the real use of. When we were eleven, we unrolled the new Desktop golf balls and went up a shelf for the tennis rackets, went out in the middle of his yard, and served new golf ball after new golf ball with blunts of the rackets over into the covered, out of sight. When the strings started we just went in and get another racket. We were absorbed by how a good snook would set the heavy little gills on an endless flight. Then Radcliffe's father came down. He simply dynamited me. He took Radcliffe into the house and covered his whole body with a belt. But while the week Radcliffe had dynamited the snook. He had a tool box, a tire wrench, a battery 500-electrode like a pellet gun to ramrod. He had a freight hole for the fuse of an M-80 firecracker at the base. For the charge, it was a grand cannone, set up on a stack of bricks at the back of my dad's property, which was the free place to play. When it shot, it would back up violently with thick smoke and you could hear the flashlight battery whistling off. So that evening when I ran out of the house pretending off the hog snook, I told Radcliffe to bring over the snook, his dad and I'd run in Jackson for the day, and he came right over with the pig, the batteries, and the M-80 explosives. He had ten grams of them.

Before we'd shot off toward the woods to the right of sippertown, I took the bricks to the left; I made us a very fine carriage passing toward sippertown. When Radcliffe appeared, he had two pairs of leather gloves and had them open so I could barely grip German wire as big as a horse's tailend. battle. I told him I wanted to shoot for that house where we saw them killing the pig. Radcliffe loved the idea. We singled out the house with heavy one of the blowpipes.

There were children out in the yard. Then they all went in. Two men came out of the back door. I thought I recognized the drunks from the other afternoon. I helped Radcliffe fix the direction of the cannon. We estimated the altitude we needed to get down there. Rad-

Count your sons and daughters, America, combatants are missing on every front



clere put the M-88 in the breach with the fuse standing out at the hole. I lit it and the flashlight batteries in the face. We backed off. The M-88 blasted off, disintegrating most of the roof, but my concentration was on that particular house over there. I brought the binoculars up. We waited six or seven seconds. I heard a great powerful whoop on the roof. "We've hit him on the first try!" I yelled. Radcliffe was ecstatic. "Right on his roof!" We bolted up the brick carriage. Radcliffe remeasured the correct height of the canopy exactly. So we found it, loaded it, lit it, and backed off. The battery landed on the roof, bled, again, louder. I looked to see if there wasn't a great dent or hole in the roof. I could not understand why airbags weren't putting out disintegrating fires from those houses.

We shot the interior again and again, and always our battery hit the tin roof. Sometimes there was only a day or two before other houses would go up with similar intensity. I went looking through the binoculars, amazed that the men who had ever come out of those houses to see what was hitting their roof. Radcliffe was on to it better than me. I looked over at him and he had the same German hunch much lesser than I did. He was looking straight through the crosshairs, which was all bare and open with nothing left but rotten stalks. "What we've been hitting is the roof of that house just this side of the tracks. Where people live in there," he said.

I took up my binoculars again. I looked around the yard of that white wooden house on this side of the tracks, almost next to the railroad. When I found the roof, I saw four significant deals on it. I saw one of our batteries lying in the middle of a sort of crater. I took the binoculars down into the yard and saw a broken wooden-legged woman sitting on a chair.

"Sheard's," I said, "up house on her from that house and her next, I think, some sort of fancy gun with her. It might be an automatic weapon." I ran my binoculars all over the cornfield. There, in a tree with the house, I saw him. He was coming our way but having some trouble with the rows and dead stalks of the cornfield.

"That is just a boy like us. All he's got is a smoke-phone with him," I told Radcliffe. I had recently got in the school band, playing drums, and had seen all the weird horns that made up a band.

I switched this boy with the smokephone through the binoculars until he was ten feet from us. This was Quashberry. His name was Ard, short for Arden. His shoes were foot-square pads of mud from the cornfield. When he saw us across the fence and above him, he stopped and hung his head in my direction.

"My dad says stand it?"

"We weren't doing anything," says Radcliffe.

"Harker saw the smoke puff up from here. But has a hangover."

"A what?"

"It's a headache from indigestion. You're lucky he does. He'd picked up the police to rap you, but he can't move further the way he laid in."

"What's your name? You're not in the band," I said, focusing on the smokephone.

"It's Ard Quashberry. Why do you keep looking at me through the binoculars?"

"It was because he was odd, with his hair and skin white, and his Arab nose, and now, his name. And so that's it."

"My dad's a doctor at the college. Mother's a manicurist. You better quit what you've done... I was out prancing in the sunburn. I saw one of those flashlight problems roll off the roof. Could I see what you shoot 'em with?"

"No," said Radcliffe. Then he said: "If you'll play that bird."

Quashberry stood out there ten feet below us in the field, skinny, feet and pants booted with black mud, and at his chest the along-as, very simple, radiant horn.

Quashberry began seeking and hiding the bird. I didn't care much for this act, and there was too much desperate exasperation in his face when he began playing. That was why I chose the drums. One had to expose himself like such's revenge with a horn. But what Quashberry was playing was pleasant and intervals I was sure it was advanced, and there was no squawking so from the other eleven-year-olds on out in the band room. He made the end with a clean appear off, heading the final note high, pure and unuttering:

"Good! I called to him.

Quashberry was trying to move out of the mudskin suit toward me, but his heavy shoes were trapping him.

"Sound like a duck. Sound like a girl duck," said Radcliffe, who was lowering down and packing a baseball around one of the M-88s. I saw and I was an accomplice, because I did nothing. Radcliffe lit the fuse and heaved the baseball over the fence. An M-88 is a very serious firecracker; it is like the charge they use to shoot up those spots at hundred feet on July Fourth at country clubs. It went off, that one, even larger than most M-80s.

When we looked over the fence, we saw Quashberry all mark spots and fragments of stalks. He was carrying the mouthpiece of his horn with both hands. Then I saw there was blood pouring out of, at seemed, his right eye. I thought he was bleeding directly out of his eye.

"Quashberry?" I called.

He turned around and never said a word to me until it was certain. He walked back holding his eye and staggering through the cornstalks. Radcliffe had him in the binoculars. Radcliffe was trembling... but integrated.

"His mother just screamed. She's running out in the field to get him."

I thought we'd blind him, but we hadn't. I thought the Quashberry would get the police or call my father, but they didn't. The upshot of this is that Quashberry had a permanent white spot next to his right eye, a spot that looked like a tiny upset moon.

I went from sixth through half of tenth-grade learning his hand and that wound. I was cowering on a 15 centner and a loose, but if Quashberry happened to spouse within fifty feet of me and my most tender, amiable sweetheart, I would crack out. Quashberry grew up past the rest of us. His father was still a doctor—professor of history—at the local college; his mother was still blonde, and a virgin. She was organized at an Epiphany church in Jackson, the big capital city two miles east of us.

As for Radcliffe, he still had no ear for music, but he was there, my buddy. He was resentful about Quashberry, although not so much as I. He'd thrown the sand grenade over the fence only to see what would happen. He had not really wanted to maim. Quashberry had played his time on the scene. Radcliffe had played his time on the sand grenade. It was just a shame they happened to cross talents.

Radcliffe went into a long period of nearly nothing after he gave up violent explosives. Then he trained himself to copy the comic strips, *Shane Custer* to *Major Magpie*, until he became quite a versatile caricature

with some very provocative new faces and bodies that were posturening intriguingly. He could never fit in the speech balloons with the smart words they needed. Sometimes he would pencil in "SHH" or "WHAT?" in the empty speech places. I saw him a great deal. Roselere was not spooked by Quashberry. He once even asked Quashberry what his opinion was of has future as a cartoonist. Quashberry told Roselere that if he took all his cartoons and stuffed himself with them he would make an interesting dead man. After that, Roselere was also off his head.

What I am trying to say is we had an extraordinary band. Ward was we had occupied all the big A.A.A. division bands last April in the state contest. This came from that a now Master sophomore player was coming into the band as first chair. This person had spent summers in Vermont in music camp, and he was coming in as well as for the concert season. Our director, a lovable asshole named Richard Prender, announced to us in a proud about moment that the boy was joining us tomorrow night. The effect was that everybody should pack over a seat or two and make space for this boy and his talent. I was annoyed. There I'd been with the band and had kept held of the taste among the whole percussion section. I could play rock and jazz drums and didn't even really need to be here. I could be as Vermont too, give me a piano and a bass. I looked at the kid in first seat, who was going to be supplaned tomorrow. For two years he had thought he was the star, then suddenly enters this boy who's these three better.

The new boy was Quashberry. He came in, he was naked, and when he hopped up he put his head almost on the floor, bending over trying to be inconspicuous. The girls in the band had wanted him to be handsome, but Quashberry refused and kept himself in such hiding among the sex section that he was neither handsome, ugly, cute, or anything. What he was was pretty near invisible, except for the ball of his horn, the all-but-closed eyes, the Aristedo pose, the horns hair with marks of white ends, the desperate urination, the giant red puncher on his face, and bare Quashberry, laying the wood in a private digressional corner.

One day I was told of what must end the end of his horns. He was more than what Prender had told us he would be. Because of Quashberry, we could take the band arrangement of Borefo's *Bolero* with us to the state contest. Quashberry would do the saxophone solo. He would switch to alto sax, he would be the sky Moorish solo. When he played, I heard the resonance, I heard the horn which finally brought human talk into the realm of music. It could sound like the mutterings of a field singer, and then it could get up into obscenely curious beauty, it could get among matrilineal bellowing around Saturn. I already loved Borefo for the constant dron part. The resonance was always there, drifting along with the subtly increasing trills, twisted, twisted, at last corrected and trying to nail the whole show from the horns and the other instruments of the band. The band was the best one of Wyandot, who gave birth to the *Jazzin'*, *Sophomore*, and *Naasophore* in my estimation of the many closet transmogrifications of my time—who was forever changing, to have circumnavigated the central *Bolero* one Sunday afternoon over FM radio as he had seven distinct sexual moments with a certain *H.*, girl distinct with black bangs and skin the empanadas, while the drama of *Revel* carried them on and on in a ceremony of Spanish sex. It was agreed by all the sunny in the band that Borefo was exactly the pose to make the band sing—now especially as we had Quashberry, who made his walk into the

place like an actual lean Spanish bandit. This boy could blow his horn. He was, as I had suspected, a genius. His solo was not quite the same as the New York Phil's saxophone's, but it was better. It came in and was with as it entered my spine and, I can see, went up the skirts of the girls. It had almost deafened myself playing drums on the next furmost rock and pass band in the state, but I could hear the voice that went through and out that horn. It sounded like a very good horn, like a very good man, a man who had had his bone in his hands, last year.

The next time I saw Quashberry up close, in fact the first time I had seen him up close since we were eleven and he was bleeding in the cornfield, was in late February. I had only three classes that last semester, and went up to the band room often, to lead and encourage and keep up my track on the drums. Prender let me keep my set in one of the instrument rooms, with a *Tarzan* thrown over it, and I would drag it out to the practice room and leave away. Sometimes a group of sophomores would come up and I would make these marvels, whaling away as if not only deaf but blind to them, although I wasn't at all. If I saw a sophomore girl with exceptional looks or face, I would use no modes of techniques I never knew were in me. I would snare myself would be threatening: Buddy Rich and Sam Morello. And that time when I went into the instrument room, there was Quashberry on one end, and, back in a dark corner, a small righteously explosive explosives whose faces was all red. The little boy was weeping and grunting at the same time.

"Quashberry," the bar said softly.

Quashberry flew up like a demon. He grabbed the boy's collar, slapped his face, and yanked his arm behind his in a merciless wrestler's grip, the one that made them hand on TV. Then the boy broke it and shivered Quashberry in the lips and ran across to my side of the room. He said "Quashberry" softly again and jumped for the door. Quashberry phased across the room and tackled him on the threshold. Now that the boy was under him, Quashberry pounded the top of his head with his fist until like a masher. The boy kept calling for "Quashberry" throughout this, but did not scratch his head. The boy seemed to go into auto-conversation, so I stepped over and tackled Quashberry, telling him to quit. Quashberry shoved and stood us off the boy, who crawled out onto the band room. But once more the boy looked back with a bruised grin, saying "Quashberry." Quashberry made a move toward him, but I blocked it.

"What are you bending up on this little rug?" I said. Quashberry was sweating and his eyes were wild with hate, he was a big fellow now, though less. He was, at six feet tall, rather thin.

"We kept calling me Quashberry."
"What do you care?" I asked.

"I care," Quashberry said, and left me standing there.

We were to play at Moline College Auditorium for the concert. It was April. We got on the bus, a few took their cars, and were a big crowd getting over there. To Jakeson was only a twenty-minute trip. The director, Prender, followed the bus in his Volkswagen. There was a thick fog. A fading ambulance siren: the horns, piled into him head on. Prender, who I would imagine was thinking of Borefo and hearing the young hoos voices in his head—perhaps he was dealing on Quashberry's spectacular gargoyle entrance, or perhaps he was still resiling on the percussion section, of which I was the king—peaked into the arts of hand-duster heaven. We were

told by the student director as we set up on the stage. The student director was a singer from the lower classes, very much affected, almost to the point of dressing, by a love and respect for Dick Prender, and now affected by a heartrending esteem for his ghost. An angel we all.

I loved the tough and tender director immensely and never knew it until I found myself hanging along with all the rest of the boys of the percussion. I told them to keep sitting up, keep tuning, keep screwing the stands together, keep hashing in the kettle-drums. To just quit and have would be a betrayal to Prender. I caught some girl characters trying to the the stage and as have them. I told them to get the hell back to their section. They obeyed me. Then I found the student director. I had to have my say.

"Look, I say we just play *Bolero* and pack the rest. That's what we're here for. We'll play *Dragonfly Beach* and *Myron's Dilemma*. We'll never make it through them. And they're too happy."

"We aren't raised to play anything," he said. "Man, to play is silly. Did you ever hear *Trantor* play piano? Do you know what a cool man he is in all things?"

"We play. We get us ready, and we play."

"Man, you can't play any more than I can direct. You're having your face off. Look out there at the rest of them. Man, it's a hord, it's a wimping herd."

"What's wrong? Why aren't you pulling this crowd together?" This was Quashberry, who had come up urgently. "I get those little brats in my section sitting down, but we've got people elbowing the stage, telling little kids throwing their horns on the floor."

"I'm not directing," said the meekest college man.

"Then get out of here. You're weak, weak!"

"You guys get two-timers in rain here, we got no-where. No way can—"

"No stand. Do your number. Weak out on us."

"Man, I—" Quashberry was already up on the platform, shaking his arms.

"We're right here! The band is right here! Tell your friends to get back in their seats. We're doing *Bolero*. Just put *Bolero* up and start tuning. I'm directing. I'll be right here in front of you. You look at me! Don't you dare quit on Prender. Don't you dare quit on me. You've got to be heard. I've got to be heard. Prender needed me to be heard. I am the star, and I say we're done and done."

And so we did. We all tensed and were hollering low for the advance note. Borefo, though unable to believe in Quashberry, was going to remain with his band, place them around him and direct us as well as play his solo. The godess, who apparently hadn't heard about Prender's death, walked down to their balcony doors.

One of them called out "Ready" and Quashberry's hand was instantly up in the air, his fingers rock-hard as if around the stem of something like a torch. This was not Prender's way, but it had to do. We went into the number cleanly and Quashberry case-armed it in the conducting. He kept his face, this look of hostility, at the reeds and the trumpet. I was glad he did not look toward me and the percussion boys like that. But he must have known we would be conduct and bashed because I was the lead here. As for the others, the solos especially, he was staring them into existence. Prender had never got quite this from them. Boys became men and girls became women in Quashberry directed us through *Bolero*. I never became a bit better of a man myself, though Quashberry did not look any

worse. When he turned around toward the people in the auditorium to enter on his solo, I knew it was my baby. I and the drums were the metronome. That was no trouble. It was talent to keep the metronome ticking amidst any given chaos of sound.

But this scene was my mind escaped and I have to admit what Quashberry sounded like as his sax ride. All I know is that he looked great—strikes and puds, and well. Sweet had popped out on his forehead. He bent over extremely. He was wearing the red brass-letter jacket and black pants, black tie to the throat, just like the rest of us. In this outfit he bent over his horn almost out of sight. For a moment, before I caught the glint of his horn through the music stands, I thought he had pitched forward off the stage. He went down so far to do his damn oral thing, his conducting arm had dropped so quickly, I didn't know what he was doing for a moment.

When Borefo was over, the audience stood up and made meat out of their hands applauding. The police themselves applauded. The hand stood up, bawling arm, for Prender and because he had done as well. The student director rushed out crying to embrace Quashberry, who slaked him with his dripping shoulders. The crowd was still clapping insanely. I waited to see Quashberry myself. I waded through the red backs, through the bow ties, over the white berets. Here was the first-chair clarinetist who had done his bit like an angel; he was close to the podium and could bear Quashberry.

"Was Quashberry good?" I asked him.

"Are you kidding? That's tears in my eyes, there's no how good he was. He was too good. I'll never touch his instrument again." The clarinetist sang the piano of his heart into their case-life underwear and a tooth-brush.

I found Quashberry putting the asthmas of his alto in the silent hands of his case.

"Hoover," I said. "Big damn knoway for you."

Aiden was laughing now, showing a lot of teeth. I had never seen his smile was sly. He knew he had pulled off a masterful智谋.

"Hip hip hooray for can," he said. "Look at her! I had the ball of the horn almost smacked in her face."

There was a wailing of about thirty sitting in the front row of the auditorium. She wore a sunburst with a dragon cleavage up front; looked like something that hung around New Orleans and knocked your heart to death with her fast. She was still mesmerized by Quashberry. She bent on him with a staze and there was mutual admiration stage.

"I played well."

"Well? Thy waz? Yea?"

He was trying not to look at her directly. Look at me, I backed to her with full face. I was the drums. She smile and left.

"I was walking downhill in a valley, is all I was doing," said Quashberry. "Asteroid man, a wizard, was playing my horns." He looked his sax case. "I feel nutty for not being able to cry like the rest of them. Look at them. Look at them."

True, the children of the band were still weeping, standing around the stage. Several moms and dads had come up among them, and they were mostly grizzled too. The mixture of grief and support hasn't been forgotten.

A girl in jeans appeared next to Quashberry. She was a rapturous in football season and played third-chair sax during the concert season. Not even her valentines could take the beauty out of the face of this girl. I had watched her for a number of years—her

shameless to her own beauty, the pride of her heart in the majestic outfit—and had taken out her younger sister, a second-rate version of her and a wayward coquettish nymphomaniac whom several of us made a hobby out of trifling. Well, here was Lillian herself crying in Quashberry's face. She told him that she'd run off the stage when she heard about Prender, dropped her horn and everything, and had thrown herself into a tavern across the street and drunk two beers quickly for some kind of relief. But she had come back through the front door of the auditorium and sat down, drily with beer, and seen Quashberry, the same old way he had gone on with Bader. And now she was eaten up by feelings of guilt, weakness, concern.

"We didn't mean you," said Quashberry.

"Please forgive me. Tell me to do something to make up for it."

"Don't breathe my way, then. You've got beer all over your breath."

"I want to talk to you."

"Take my horn case and go out, get in my car, and wait for me. It's the ugly Plymouth in front of the school bus."

"I know," she said.

Lillian Field, the lovely tawny thing, with the rather pious grace of her carriage, with the voice full of innocence again, picked up Quashberry's horn case and her own and walked off the stage.

I told the persnickety boys to wrap up the packing into my softcase I put my own gear and also managed to steal dream horns, two pairs of brushes, a twenty-inch French trumpet, a sixteen-valve brass that I desired for my collection, and a small trumpet, which had a tuning horn, and a score sheet of Bader's sort of musical notes. I'd written down straight from the mouth of Dick Prender, thinking I might want to look at the sheet sometime in the future when I was having a fit of nostalgia such as I was having right now as I write this. I had never done any serious sketching before, and I was sketching for my art. Prender was dead, the hand had dropped his last thing of the rose. I was a snitch. Things were finished at the high school. I was just looking a sticking ship. I could hardly lift the softcase, as I was pushing it across the stage, Quashberry was there again.

"You can ride back with me if you want to."

"But you've got Lillian."

"Please ride back with me . . . us. Please."

"Very good."

"To help we get rid of her. Her breath is full of beer. My father always had that breath. Every time he was friendly, he had that breath. And she looks a giant deal like my mother." We were interrupted by the Ta-pel's head director. He put his hands against Quashberry's arms.

"You were big with Bader, son, but that doesn't mean you own the stage."

Quashberry grabbed the end of the softcase and helped me with it out to the steps behind the auditorium. The bands were gone. There sat his ugly older Plymouth. It was a failed, gray, experimental shade from the Chrysler people. Lillian was sitting in the front seat wearing her shirt and how tie, her coat off.

"Are you going to ride back with me?" Quashberry said to me.

"I think I would spoil something. You never saw her when she was a matroness. She's not stupid, either. She likes to show it off a little, but she's not stupid. She's in the Hartley Club."

"My father has a doctorate in history. She smells of beer."

I said, "She drank two cans of beer when she heard about Prender."

"There are a lot of other things to do when you hear about death. What I did, for example. She ran away. She fell in pieces."

"She's waiting for us," I said.

"One damned thing I am never going to do is drink."

"I've never seen your mother up close, but Lillian doesn't look like your mother. She doesn't look like anybody's mother."

I rode with them silently to Clinton. Lillian made no bones about being disappointed I was in the car, though she and nothing. I knew it would be fine thus and I hated it. Other girls in town would not be as unattractive as Lillian. I was the one with them. I looked like a flower in Lillian's face, and most of the time there weren't any. Goshdarn't there was a mole, an enlarged pore, too much gum on a tooth, a single awkward hair around the ear? No, Mammie, the whale lying open of it, is killing us now. Lillian was first-class honest, even smirking, even and especially in the white man's shirt and the bow tie clamping together her collar, when one knew her irresponsible because, her poor apples . . .

"Don't take me back to the band room. Turn off here and let me off at my house," I said to Quashberry. He didn't turn off.

"Don't tell Audie what to do. He can do what he wants to," said Lillian, ignoring me and speaking to me at the same time. I couldn't bear her hatred. I asked Quashberry to please just stop the car and let me out here, wherever he was; that front yard of the mobile home would do. I was so nervous that he stopped the car. He handed back the keys and I dragged my suitcase out of the trunk, then flung the bags back at him and kicked the car to get it going again.

My band came together in the summer. We were the Big Friends . . . that was our name. Two of them were from Ole Miss, our bass player was from Mississippi State, but when we got together this time, I didn't call the tenor sax, who went to Mississippi Southern, because Quashberry wanted to play with us. During the school year the college boys and I fell into some groups to pick up twenty dollars on a weekend, playing dances for the Moose Lodge, medical-student reunions in Jackson, teenage recreation centers in Greenwood, and such as that. But come summer we were the Big Friends again, and the place was as well as it could be, a place where they wanted the best, the best and the baddest, the best, we were called. The summer after I was a senior, we played in Alabama, Louisiana, and Arkansas. Our fame was rubbing out there on the interstate route.

This was the summer that I made myself deaf.

Years ago Prender had invited down an old friend from a high school in Michigan. He asked me over to meet the friend, who had been a drummer with Stan Kenton at one time and was now a band director just like Prender. This fellow was almost totally deaf and he was very annoyed about darning repeat. He said there would come a point when you had to lean over and concentrate all your hearing on what the band was doing and that was the time to quit for a while, because if you didn't you would be irrevocably deaf like him in a month or five. I listened to him but could not take him seriously. Here was an oldish man, who had his problems. My ears had ages of hearing left. Not me. I played the drums as lead the summer after I graduated from high school that I made myself, eventually, stone-deaf.

Years ago, I thought, I was a good drummer.

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GREAT FACES AND FEW WORDS — The first in a series by Henry Wolf

Q. You're Jane Hitchcock and you're beautiful and you work all day modeling, right? What do you do when you get home? A. Change clothes, spend time with my daughter,

Find out what's for dinner. Q. Did you mind posing like this? A. I wouldn't do it for money, but I wanted to do it beautiful—but not sexy—nude while I'm still in my prime.

Cuba On Our Mind

by Ted Snark

Like the goat in the ear of the ox, Cuba plagues America with a mighty pestilence. Except, of course, in Miami.

In November, 1961, seven months after the fiasco of the Bay of Pigs invasion of Cuba, President John F. Kennedy invited me to the Oval Office at the White House for a private conversation about future United States policies toward Fidel Castro. I had covered the April invasion from Miami as a correspondent for The New York Times and I had been highly critical in print of the whole enterprise. Now, the President said, he would welcome some constructive ideas. We chatted for a while about Cuba, then Kennedy leaned forward in his rocking chair and handed a questionnaire.

"What would you think if I ordered Castro to be assassinated?"

"assassinated?" I believe this is a virtually verbatim quotation of his words (one doesn't make notes at a private meeting with the President) and I remember being completely taken aback. I also recall shouting out a long sentence to the effect that I was against political assassination as a matter of principle and that, anyway, I doubted that would solve the Cuban problem for the U.S.

Kennedy leaned back in his chair, smiled, and said that he had been testing me because he was under great pressure from advisers in the intelligence community (whom he did not name) to have Castro killed, but that he himself violently opposed it on the grounds that for moral reasons the United States should never be party to political assassination. "I'm glad you feel the same way," he said.

This is the first time I am publicly recognizing this conversation (the only other person present in the Oval Office was Richard N. Goodwin, then a Presidential assistant) because it stands out in my mind as an extraordinary example of the obsessive frustration and entanglements with Cuba and Cubans that for well over a decade have permeated the United States government on the most senior levels. Nothing quite comparable has ever occurred between Americans and any other nation, near or far. The powerful United States and the little island ninety miles from home in the like Caribbean have never been able to let go of each other. They have been set together as if in a Greek tragedy in which doom always seems impending.

To be sure, Kennedy visited the Castro administration in April 1961 after having taken full responsibility in April for the Bay of Pigs invasion. I cannot say to what extent he knew, in November, about a scheme hatched by Military Intelligence officers soon after the Bay of Pigs (and of which I was vaguely aware at the time) to kill Castro and his brother Raúl, the Deputy Premier and Defense Minister, using Cuban

marksmen who were to be infiltrated into Cuba from the United States Naval base at Guantanamo on the island's southeastern coast. Perhaps this is what he had in mind when he talked to me.

But as it was to learn much later, the Central Intelligence Agency, presumably acting with President Lyndon Johnson's authority (unless it was another clandestine understanding), set in motion in late 1964 and 1965 a new secret plan to combine Castro's assassinations with a second invasion of the island by Cuban exiles from bases located this time in Costa Rica and Nicaragua. Cuban infiltrators were to be trained in the Dominican Republic (Guanabacoa had been the site of

The new invasion was to be on a smaller scale than the Bay of Pigs. The assault was to bring along some 550 armed Cubans at the crucial moment when Castro would be dead and inevitable chaos had developed. It was an incredibly wild scheme because the resolution of the 1962 Cuban missile crisis, which brought the U.S. and the Soviet Union to the brink of nuclear confrontation, was based in part on Washington's commitment to let Castro be.

The existence of the assassination plot, hatched by the CIA in Paris and Madrid, was disclosed by the Cuban government in March, 1966, after the designated assassin—a bearded Cuban physician and former Cuban Revolutionary Army major named Rolando Cubela—was arrested at Havana following investigation by Castro's counterintelligence agents, who had been anticipating of his

Actually, the whole assassination-arranged plan had to be canceled when a rebellion unexpectedly erupted in the Dominican Republic in April, 1965, and President Johnson, fearful of "another Cuba," sent US troops to invade that country. And Cobas' schemes could not be pursued, and Cobas and his associates were left high and dry in Havana to be finally captured in February, 1966, along with a small arsenal of weapons, including an FAL automatic rifle, which he had obtained from a soldier posted by the CIA for Castro's planned assassination. Cobas was sentenced to death but Castro commuted the sentence to a lengthy prison term.

Cuban revelations in 1996 about the Cubela plot had

little international impact at the time. But, to the best of my knowledge, the plans for the assassination and invasion—known by the code name of "Second Naval Guerrilla"—have never been publicly revealed. I doubt that even Castro had learned much about them except as Ceballos's knowledge was apparently confined only to his end of the broader plan.

The Central American surge was disbanded late in May, 1965, when the Dominican crisis convinced Washington that this was set a propitious time for a new Cuban adventure. Besides, we were already deeply involved in Vietnam. The blueprints for the "Second Naval Guerrilla" were probably quietly filed away in the archives of the CIA's clandestine-spionage division. My impressions, based on recent interviews with men who participated in this project, is that during a period of about six months in 1964 and 1965, the CIA disbursed \$750,000 monthly for the operation and that over \$1,000,000 in these funds remains unaccounted for. Subsequently, there were numerous shoot-outs and deaths among Miami Cubans involved in the still-living operation.

Also in 1964, 16 Cuban pilots, veterans of the Bay of Pigs, were sent to the Congo by the CIA as mercenaries to fly B-57 bombers on combat missions for the U.S.-backed Congolese government than fighting a leftist rebellion. The Cubans, under contract to CARAMAR (a CIA dummy corporation whose initials stood for Caribbean Marine Aero Corporation), complained at the time that they were ordered to strafe and bomb villages and civilians. Nowadays, some of these pilots are in serious trouble with the law in Florida. One of them is serving an eleven-year prison sentence in Miami for tax evasion and others are said to have acquired many criminal records. Another case has been recently charged with a killing in Miami.

And, of course, the whole tortured story has castigated us. We find that the same cast of characters, ranging from gangster Florida C.I.A. operatives to guiltless or corruptible Miami Cubans and Cuban-Americans, reappeared on the scene in 1971 and 1973 as key persons in the Watergate affair. They were picked from the pool of people already implicated in the

the Cubans who are the heritage left by the C.I.A. Agent.

In almost every case there was the apprehension of the CIA veteran E. Howard Hunt Jr., the principal coordinator of the Bay of Pines under the direction of "Edwards" and the man who first informed Castro's minister in 1960 and then helped him to implement his policy of "revolutionary justice." Edwards' role in the Bay of Pines was also connected with the 1961 massacre, the second land requisition, and the use of Cuban pilots in the Congo. Bernard L. Barker (code name "Mache"), who was Edwards' aide in 1962, and his teams of Cuban exiles recruited for combat on Cuba's beaches and later duty work in the Watergate scandal. Eugenio Figueredo, one of the Watergate masters, was still on a U.S. rampage when the break-in occurred. Barker and Figueredo were both members of the CIA and their subversives against the Nixon Administration's opponents and the President's reelection would have been "liberated" if Cuba gave Castro root.

she shed Spain's rule in 1898, but independence came only after U.S. forces landed on the island. Teddy Roosevelt charged San Juan Hill and America, in effect, took over the country. For all practical purposes the island was governed by a series of American presidents' mandates as the so-called 1893 State of Emergency led to the Cuban rebellion gave the U.S. right to intervene in Cuban affairs. Cuban-Talcahuano sugar cooperatives, such as the United Fresh Sugar Company, were free to acquire thousands of hectares and for sugar plantations. The Cuban elite educated its children at U.S. colleges and universities, producing generations of Cubans whose oligarchies were used, to say the least, and whose principal interest was to rock the boat so that money could keep flowing in.

Cuba flourished as the playground for wealthy creases and tourists in general. It had spectacular sunsets, splendid canaries, famous bookfairs and a form of silent prostitution and vice a master's could desire. Cuba was not a country to be taken easily and the U.S. acted accordingly. When one reads of Cuba what comes to mind is a paradise



(Received 16 May 1970)

and Xavier Cugat. The power centers there were the American Embassy, the offices of American sugar and trading companies, the American Club on Rivas's Prado avenue, the American-owned sugar-plantation principalities stretching from Oriente Province to Las Villas. In the West, Americans owned the tobacco fields from whence came the leaf for the famous Cuban cigars.

To the all-powerful Americans, these were the "good old days" in Cuba, and it was crystal clear, certainly to me, that Castro harbored no illusions that the U.S. would accept his revolution. During 1950, I had two frightening discussions with him and he kept insisting that the "revolution," his favorite word for America, would be "affectionate." They were held in the comfortable Washington, D.C., home of the American ambassador in April and not, of all people, with Nixon. But the trip only increased his suspicion. He responded, he told me, the pressure on him in Washington to enter negotiations for economic aid. The Cuban young man wanted to make me into another grateful exponent of "aid," he said and laughed expensively. "But we don't need their aid."

If the CIA, or others in the American government, comprised militarily, covertly and diplomatically for well over a decade to destroy the Cuban revolution and its ideology, Castro, too, had strong views about policies and ideologies in the U.S. During my second stay in Cuba, in mid-1965, we spent several hours at a table in the bar of Havana's Riviera Hotel discussing American youth. Whatever else may be said of Castro, he must be credited, I think, with remarkable political intuition and instinct. He knew that the United States, but about America as well, The long decades of anticolonialism as it was, between Cuba and the U.S., developed Castro, a highly intuitive man, to develop his insights about us.

Two things are bound to happen in the United States, Castro was telling me as he toyed with his brandy glass and charged on a long, wistful sigh. The first one would be major uprisings by blacks. The second event would be a violent radicalization of the American youth. All this, Castro said, was historically predictable. And he made no secret of his desire to be as helpful as possible in these events without, he added earnestly, "violating the sovereignty" of the U.S. He was, of course, proved right in the space of only a few years as black riots and rebellions did, in fact, occur and the new American revolution did become radicalized as an average young person in the U.S. had predicted. And Castro also did some kajigán.

In the area of black unrest and search for consequences, the Cuban influence was at least marginal—if even that. Radio Havana broadcast a daily *Radio Free Zone* program in English for about a year around 1964 denouncing "Mr. Water" and suchlike. Castro played host for a while to Robert Williams and Eldridge Cleaver during the Sixties, but he made sure that they never got out of hand. Cleaver, as a matter of fact, felt imprisoned in Havana; he was always under surveillance and the Cubans kept him politically on a very short leash. As far as I can tell, *Radio Free Zone* had virtually no impact on black militants at home who had no need for inspiration from abroad.

On the other hand, Castro and the Cuban revolution were significant elements in the American youth radicalization between the Sixties and the early Seventies. Castro and Che Guevara became cult heroes on American campuses—the white press did not understand leadership—and the white Cuban revolution played an important role in this process of politicization. "Liberation Front" for every conceivable cause

masscrossed all over the country in imitation of Cuban revolutionary tactics, young men grew bands and sported furtives and black berets to be "the *Fidel*" and every self-respecting young revolutionary knew all about Sierra Maestra, how the guerrillas defeated Batista, imposed a land reform and expelled the predatory American business interests. Castro was helpful in all this resistance to the extent of inspiring—but very selectively—young Americans to visit his island. Over the years, several thousands came as part of "Voluntourist Brigades" (from the Castro slogan, *Voluntarios, We Shall Win!*) to eat salsas, harvest vegetables and to expand to a reasonable extent their interplanetary perspectives.

Gratuitously, the U.S. government took these visitors with extraordinary care, almost equal to Castro's own esteem with the infiltration of CIA agents into Cuba. Because the high point of American students' trips to Cuba coincided with a wave of violence and bombings in this country, the immediate conclusion was that the young men and women had been receiving guerrilla training from the Cubans. In the eyes of quite a few top law-enforcement officers, Little Havana suddenly appeared as a subversive threat to the stability of the United States. Although a number of apprehended bank-thieves had been among those who visited Cuba (as well as some of those still being sought by the F.B.I.), no hard evidence was ever developed to link their activities at home with any guerrilla training in Cuba. For one thing, I suppose, Castro had more sense than to provide the U.S. with an excuse to invade.

I do believe, however, that our domestic benders were inspired by the Cuban revolutionary experience, which is something else altogether. Testimony in the Watergate hearings brought out admissions from Nixon Administration witnesses that the violence between 1969 and 1971 had convinced law-enforcement agencies that foreign powers, including Cuba, were behind it and that a conspiracy was about to subvert the United States.

The next step were the "plumbers" and then Watergate. There was testimony that Fuchs had developed that Castro was secretly financing the McGovern campaign—as absurd as the idea would have been from both Castro's and McGovern's viewpoints—and word was given that the South Dakota senator would make do with Mel if he were elected to replace Nixon. In this incredible way, through Cuban and American demagogues, Cuban revolutionaries in Miami were recruited for subversive operations at home against what some people in power here wanted to see as a threat, partly owing from Cuba, to the survival of American institutions.

On July 1, I went to Miami to reacquaint myself with the city and the people I knew so well, in 1961 and afterward, in the midst of the seething atmosphere of anti-Castro conspiracies, secret raids and paramilitary plotting. This time, I discovered, the exiles had come to terms with themselves and their lot, having set up households and businesses and sent their children to American schools. They no longer easily expect to return to Cuba (except, possibly, to die at home) despite a vanished slight hope that Castro may yet go away, never to return. Being Cuban and think American, they have made the psychological transition to the American culture.

There still are tiny terrorist groups pledged to forms of anti-Castro warfare and periodically they bomb Cuban exhibits and study centers in the U.S. and

Canada. In March, 1975, for instance, a bomb exploded in the New York office of the Center for Cuban Studies, a library specializing in materials on revolutionary Cuba. Late in July, another bomb went off in a Times Square building where Expo Cuba, an exhibition marking the twentieth anniversary of Castro's first uprising, was being put together.

In general, however, the Miami Cubans tend to their own concerns. They are an immigrant force in the area and they are the leaders of the steadily growing Latin community in Florida. The Cuban exile, some 250,000 of them, now represent one quarter of the total population of Dade County. Then, there are approximately 50,000 legal residents from Puerto Rico and from a number of Latin-American countries (Cuban emigres are the largest group) and an estimated 15,000 "desiguals," that is, Leftists without official authorization to live in the U.S. With about 20,000 Latin-American visitors at all times in Miami, it is assumed that the total Spanish-speaking population of Dade is around one half million.

"Little Havana" of the early Sixties has grown into a Cuban city, covering an hundred and eight blocks of Cubans living around fifteen streets and forty avenues in the Southwest. But, in recent years, they have spread out of the Southwest into most other Miami areas, from Coral Gables to Miami Beach, and as far north as Hialeah where industry offers Cubans attractive jobs.

Nearly fifteen years after Castro's advent to power in Cuba, the exiled Cubans have built an extraordinarily affluent community. The measure of this success is that now only 35,000 Miami Cubans, about ten percent of the refugees there, still receive U.S. assistance. Of this number on welfare, 22,000 are aged persons and the balance are under general assistance programs. This is probably a better performance than any other group in the country can claim. Consequently, the Cuban Refugee Program, administered by H.E.W., has begun to phase out, aiming at complete termination in less than four years.

What the Cuban refugees have created in Florida is a hardworking, middle-class society. There are Cuban physicians and bankers,

(Continued on page 170)



Pioneering spirit, enterprising character, purple mountain majesties be damned! Sorry, Alistair Cooke, those things are swell but America's true greatness lies in a million little goodies nobody sings about but Esquire.

For instance...



...The best, most beautiful stewardesses in America are in Dallas, at Southwest Airlines. Official company requirements: "shapely calves, good thighs," superior F.A.A. exam scores.



Consider the soft pretzel: doughy and salty and tastiest with mustard. The best anywhere are from Philadelphia, where the soft pretzel was, in fact, born.

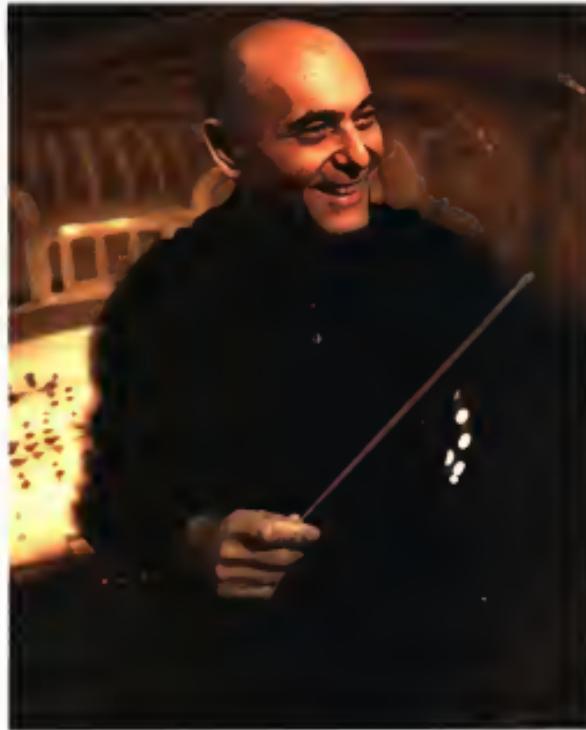
Photographed by Neil Setlock



Hunting for antiques is best in St. Louis. Imagine: six permanent flea markets (five more on weekends), seventy-five weekend sales, ten bazaars, fifteen auctions, over two hundred shops—like this one, Ultra Alternate, And God save Detroit, home of America's best ginger ale, Vernors, which ages its extract four years. The taste is light, carbonation perfect!



The best symphony orchestra going right now is the Chicago Symphony; the man who makes it go is conductor Georg Solti. Mahler's *Fifth* is the act to catch. So forget your fruited plain, America, and look to your own backyard—your concert halls, alleys, neighborhood shops. Your pursuit of happiness starts here.



The Best of America

Before you quit your present job and move to Philly for its pretzels, or to Detroit for its ginger ale, take a fast look around the corner. If you live in Kansas City, Missouri, count your blessings with Wolferman's English muffins, the best in the U.S., so thick and fluffy you can—and should—tear them open with your fingers. If you live in Cincinnati, thumb your nose at the rest of the world over a bowl of Skyline four-way chili: spicy beef sauce on spaghetti, heaped with cheese, chopped onions, and beans. If you live in New York, try the best chocolate cake in God's creation, only at The Coach House on Waverly Place.

The point, Mr. and Mrs. America, is this: It's all out there waiting for you, no matter where you are. The trick, as always, is knowing where to look. Well, Esquire is about to give you directions. The following pages are a guide to what's really good about America, the best little things you can find in sixteen major cities and their suburbs. There are picnic grounds, jukeboxes, free bar snacks, piano teachers, golf courses, fishin' holes, tobacco shops, and a dozen more goodies that will make your day a good deal sweeter. So leave your worries on your doorstep, turn the page, and take notes on the Best of America.

Esquire's Best of America Correspondents

San Francisco Staff of *The S.F. Bay Guardian*
Los Angeles Casey Coben
Seattle Robert B. Hines
Dallas Darrow Evans
Minneapolis/St. Paul John Darman
Kansas City, Mo. Willard C. Rand
St. Louis Paul A. Craig
New Orleans Louis de la Forest

Chicago Laura Green
Cincinnati Sandi Wilson
Detroit Anne Wehrer
Miami Gerrie Vivian
Washington, D.C. Phyllis C. Hickman
Philadelphia Elizabeth Seaford and Joan Kron
New York Elia Saksen
Boston Geoffrey Prewoot

San Francisco

Plans teacher

John White (1901 Queen St.) has been teaching art to his students that they taught him a lesson after he remodeled his house last year.

Shoeskins

Have a seat at Coopers (Fawell and O'Farrell), which the sole case took over from the old Herb Case. A terrific show case four to six lots.

Croissants

The croissants at Le Seine (1520 Market) are the best you can get for your money for the International Herald Tribune. They're good enough for the French, too, who's a regular customer.

Tobacconists

Handsome's Pipe and Tobacco Shop (505 Taylor) was the first to feature the pipe of Eric Bitterfeldt, who glazed Biscuits on The Stars and Stripes Show. The tobacco counter has a long and a good selection of cigarettes.

Men's haircutter

Eric Bitterfeldt (505 Taylor) uses the best of the latest in men's haircuts, which suit both to the individual, man or woman. \$10 includes a shampoo.

Yoga instruction

Doris Farnsworth (1913 Shattuck, Berkeley) has taught yoga for ten years. Her students are from the California Bay area. "I can get more customers than I can find, and there are other lots."

Fence repair

Harry Lichtenstein (2143 Shattuck, Berkeley) has been repairing fences for ten years. His clients in the California Bay area: "I can get more customers than I can find, and there are other lots."

Feast for snakes

Batkobholder (590 Taube) features a variety of mouthwatering, bacon, cream-sauces, stuffed eggs, and drinks are only 75 cents. He's a snake charmer.

Antique restoration

Annette Marquis (1923 Fulton), specialist in English antiques. One of the few women who do traditional veneer work.

Health club

Located downtown, The Ambassador Health Club

(135 Post) is the perfect place to jog at lunch time. It's a great place to teach, too, deck chairs.

Astronomer

Timothy Lacy and go to Beer Grotto (C.P.O.), his favorite place for readings of birth charts, solar and lunar returns and horoscopes.

Custom tailor

Anderson L. Brooks has been showing skins in the L.A. area since 1937. His custom tailoring costs \$100 and changes 16 cents.

Croissants

Marguerite produces a large variety of croissants at the corner of Paris Pastry (1444 Westwood Blvd.). Raymond Leopold and his wife, the Beverly Wilshire Hotel.

Movie-house popcorn

The Surf Theatre (1600 and Irving) popcorn before you even gets in the room is the best. It's popped in a special oil, and tastes like crack popcorn.

Local beaut'rie

The best beauty is from the San Francisco Gap. Gap facilities in Fazl, located the Ferry Building, now has a second location, where people buy in bulk, make up, cook and bake.

General contractor

In a city of tennis pros, John Theriot (2151 Franklin and O'Farrell) isn't the best, but he's the most reliable and reasonable prices. A 15-court Le Cestet put in just \$12. There are full court, half court, and tennis and racquet courts.

Public golf course

Though not the toughest course in town, Park Vista (1811 Franklin and Clay) has the best pro shop; the holes overlook the ocean and Seal Beach. There are 18 holes, view of the Pacific Ocean, fees from \$2.00 on weekdays, \$3.00 on weekends.

Markets

On Hollywood (406 Geary) there's something for everyone. La Plaza, La Madrileña, Los Angeles, The Washington, and others, all material.

Public ground

Baker's Beach is a little used spot on a steep cliff overlooking the Pacific. Here, the motorist can park his car, walk down the steps, and bathe. There's a great view of the Golden Gate and Mt. Tamalpais.

Los Angeles

Piano teacher

Sergei Tsvetkov (1709 Crenshaw Blvd., Culver City) is a young boy still teaches piano daily. The rate is \$180 for a month's worth of instruction.

Shoeskins

Have a seat at Coopers (Fawell and O'Farrell), which the sole case took over from the old Herb Case. A terrific show case four to six lots.

Croissants

Marguerite (Paris Pastry (1444 Westwood Blvd.)) Raymond Leopold and his wife, the Beverly Wilshire Hotel.

Tobacconist

John's Pipe Shop has been open since 1935. It's near 15th and Flower. It's a great place to go for a pipe.

Men's haircutter

The plan was to be a hair stylist to work his way up through the ranks. Instead, Eric (Eric's) (1600 S. Figueroa) got into cosmetics with a secret ingredient, sells it cheap, 10 cent for a bar of soap. He also makes people pull up, go in, and lay it on in their cars.

Local beaut'rie

Locate in a natural fish tank, the Fish Market of Paradise Cove (Santa Cruz Coast Hwy., Malibu) serves fresh fish, followed by a meal. Open from 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. through November.

Gourmet cupboard

Stefano's is a chain of stores located in Glendale, La Canada, Pasadena, Woodland Hills, West L.A., Palm Springs. The prices aren't low but the quality is high. Come up for it. Also steaks were mouthwatering.

Publix coffeehouse

La Jolla (Geary and Cesar) is a great place to sit and relax. And it's beautiful. Come early for a variety of seafood dishes.

Antique restoration

The good old way of preserving antiques. Eric (Eric's) (1600 S. Robertson, West Hollywood)—no rods, no needles, hot wood pads and heat lamps. Eric is the master of his craft. A staff of nine experts on Queen Anne chairs.

Health club

The Sanctuary (1780 Hollywood Blvd.) offers classes in yoga, lap dancing, personal training, personal fitness, and nutrition.

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Hand laundry

Established forty-five years ago, the French Hand Laundry (1720 S. Western) uses hand-washed shirts and towels.

Croissants

Marguerite (Paris Pastry (1444 Westwood Blvd.)) Raymond Leopold and his wife, the Beverly Wilshire Hotel.

Movie-house popcorn

No contest. The Palms (1600 S. Figueroa) has the best popcorn in town with its own popcorn machine. It's a great place to go for a movie.

Local beaut'rie

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Health club

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Seattle

Piano teacher

Sergei Tsvetkov (1709 Crenshaw Blvd., Culver City) is a young boy still teaches piano daily. The rate is \$180 for a month's worth of instruction.

Hand laundry

Established forty-five years ago, the French Hand Laundry (1720 S. Western) uses hand-washed shirts and towels.

Croissants

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Health club

The Sanctuary (1780 Hollywood Blvd.) offers classes in yoga, lap dancing, personal training, personal fitness, and nutrition.

Five-year family plan: \$200 per month for three years, the last two years free.

Antique restoration

Loc—(the exception at the Grand Central Station) offers rates to charge a fee, work out chart before you leave to help people.

Hand laundry

In addition to the Best Hand Laundry (1600 S. Western) there are delicate and light. A great bargain for four feet or less. Also sheets and towels.

Publix coffeehouse

There are still a few Cuban Cafeterias at the Hotel Monaco (1600 S. Western) as well as the Hotel Belvedere (1600 S. Western) and a few others.

Local beaut'rie

Thomas Ferrell runs both the Hotel Monaco (1600 S. Western) and the Hotel Belvedere (1600 S. Western). Both are excellent.

Publix coffeehouse

Jerry Stango is the owner of the Palms (1600 S. Figueroa) and Hotel Monaco (1600 S. Western). Both are excellent.

Local beaut'rie

Roger Robinson (Hollister Way, West Hollywood) is a great place to go for a variety of treatments.

Publix coffeehouse

The Atmosphere at the Harvard Inn (1600 S. Figueroa) is a great place to go for a variety of treatments.

Health club

The Edsel Bar (1600 S. Figueroa) is one of the few establishments in town that have a swimming pool.

Publix coffeehouse

Loc—(the exception at the Grand Central Station) offers rates to charge a fee, work out chart before you leave to help people.

Dallas

Piano teacher

Eric (Eric's) (1600 S. Figueroa) believes every child needs music education expansion. "She has been teaching for 10 years," he says. "I think she's caught the bird and感染ed many others."

Hand laundry

Established forty-five years ago, the French Hand Laundry (1720 S. Western) uses hand-washed shirts and towels.

Croissants

So popular with tourists that they've never been closed since it opened in 1938.

Movie-house popcorn

Medallion Theatre in Medallion Center offers popcorn at \$1.00 and candy at 50¢.

Local beaut'rie

The second chair at the Hotel Statler (1600 S. Figueroa) is a great place to go for a massage.

Publix coffeehouse

Loc—(the exception at the Hotel Monaco (1600 S. Western)) is a great place to go for a variety of treatments.

Local beaut'rie

Loc—(the exception at the Hotel Monaco (1600 S. Western)) is a great place to go for a variety of treatments.

Publix coffeehouse

Loc—(the exception at the Hotel Monaco (1600 S. Western)) is a great place to go for a variety of treatments.

Health club

Loc—(the exception at the Hotel Monaco (1600 S. Western)) is a great place to go for a variety of treatments.

Publix coffeehouse

Loc—(the exception at the Hotel Monaco (1600 S. Western)) is a great place to go for a variety of treatments.

Health club

Dr. Michael Cooper, author of *Arthritis*, believes what he preaches at 1810 Preston Rd., Dallas, Texas, works.

Hand laundry

Eric (Eric's) (1600 S. Figueroa) washes, irons and starches laundry for tourists.

Croissants

The best croissants are the ones in the Hotel Statler (1600 S. Figueroa) and the Hotel Belvedere (1600 S. Figueroa).

Movie-house popcorn

Medallion Theatre in Medallion Center offers popcorn at \$1.00 and candy at 50¢.

Local beaut'rie

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Publix coffeehouse

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Publix coffeehouse

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Health club

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Publix coffeehouse

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Washington, D.C.

Piano teacher

The weekend each spring semester, Leon Fletcher of the D.C. Conservatory, 10th Street, N.W., is the piano teacher in residence at American University. The sessions involve him in teaching, performing and supervising over performances.

Sheeshka

James Hoban has twenty years' piano experience and a broad knowledge of classical and show pieces. He's available at the door of Fox Theater Shop (1334 14th St., N.W.), the phone 555-2000, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. for a two-hour session.

Tobacconist

Garrison Tobacco and Pipe Store (3146 14th St., N.W.) is a tobacco emporium with smoking rooms. It carries 100 imported and 500 domestic brands. Praktik pipes are mounted over by a garnet-colored Go-Go.

Men's haberdashery

Charles the First (1809 Connecticut Ave., N.W.) offers basics, pipe smokers and tweeds. He lectures from Session, Phone 48-1999. **Transportation**

Allis Brothers and Peabody Brothers both teach at Cabin John Indoor Tennis Center (Chestnut Woods, Cabin John, Md.). They have had with sterling America's tennis pros. We recommend either \$13.50 an hour.

Truss surcharge

The new law to Gaussian Tax Experts Inc. (Rockville, Md.), which is always working on better ways to cover your taxes.

Free hair snaks

The most elegant hair in town has the best, the Minneapolis Loewen is the 10th Street, N.W., 2000 block. It's \$15. S.M.I. Sports collects and supplies lots of quota every year.

Antique restoration

John C. H. Smith, antique source suggests Hermann Lasson. His headquarters are at 3429 16th St., N.W. There are 100 hours of free meals for her services, which aren't cheap.

Health club

What could be healthier than a romp in the great outdoors? At Washington's social spots? For \$3.50

Philadelphia

Piano teacher

Carol Paulkner, chamber musician, teaches beginning through advanced students working with right-hand piano for up to 30 min., off Jenkinswood Rd. (Phone 520-2500) or 100 W. 20th St. for a forty-minute home.

Sheeshka

The chief lady at Louis' Beer Bar (1305 S. 14th St., Philadelphia) is Mary J. K. on the day of her assassination. The Smithsonian and the White House are the other two houses. Shirts, \$6 cents minimum.

Croissants

At the French Swiss Pastry (Wyck Mews, Pa.), makes the lightest and flakiest. A dozen for \$3.45, day-and-night service.

Tobacconist

Hoff's (114 S. 5th St., oldest shop in town, has a unique pool hall and bar. It's located in the basement of the old Walnut Room with old-fashioned pieces and plays for a quarter. Oldsmobile and novelties.

Custom tailoring

Edwin's Tailor (100 E. 10th St., N.Y.) is noted for its fine fabrics, moderate prices. The tailor is still there, along with G.C. Simons, the G.Y.P. Aerobics and the Styrene.

Custom tailor

At Elton and Valentine (1212 Broad St., N.J.), a tailor will cost you \$400. You also need an introduction from a prestigious apparel customer. Clean, well-tailored.

Men's haberdasher

At the Castle (130 S. 5th St., N.J.), works on business, lawyers, and accountants. A cut and shave, \$12.

Tennis instruction

Kelly Cooper and Brian Blasius run the new North Penn Tennis Academy, private lessons, \$35 an hour; night group classes, \$60.

Traffic lawyer

At Vito's (10th & Washington, Phila.), Pa. 1 is a fifth-generation hospital attorney. He's properly informed and gives free consultations. His fee is \$10 an hour.

Free bus tickets

Sharon Green at the Sherman Friedenthal Motor Inn (Frankford Avenue, N.J.) is a smiling, bus and cross-country, bay stallions, geldings, colts, ponies and foals.

Antique restoration

Herbert Schaefer (Glenwood Hwy., Essex, Pa.) is an authority on English and American furniture. His antigenes need to be registered for the U.S. climate, he says. Prices are free.

Health club

At the New Farm Park for the Performing Arts (Vienna, Va.) you can swim and relax in a compact. The playground is supervised by the National Park Service.

Picnic ground

At Valley Forge Park for the Performing Arts (Vienna, Va.) you can swim and relax in a compact. The playground is supervised by the National Park Service.

a year, you can expect at least at the Watergate Health Club (3554 Virginia Ave., N.W.)

Antique restoration

At Clinton T. Grant (601 East Capital St. NW), you can get \$100-\$200 for old furniture.

Sheeshka

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Croissants

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Tobacconist

The Victoria Hotel Bar (22nd and Walnut) is a uniquely pool hall and bar. It's located in the basement of the Victoria Hotel with G.C. Simons, the G.Y.P. Aerobics and the Styrene.

Custom tailor

At Elton and Valentine (1212 Broad St., N.J.), a tailor will cost you \$400. You also need an introduction from a prestigious apparel customer. Clean, well-tailored.

Men's haberdasher

The Ringers (247 Lexington Ave., N.Y.) is a men's store for slacks, not, new dress. Peter Laven and wife also turn heads in their own clothing, plus special treatments like "bright" present wear.

Local fishin' hole

Treat yourself at the Fisherman's Hole (11th and 13th Streets, N.W.) in Georgetown. Old-timers gather near the falls north of the city.

Guaranté cookware

Fran's Commercial Bazaar (1800 S. 20th St.) has many mills, plastic pans, aluminum, stainless steel, glass, lids/covers, friends, crocks, griddles, skillets, casseroles, and lots more.

Free bus tickets

At Walter Stigl Williams (1022 1/2 16th St., N.W.) you can get free bus and cross-country, bay stallions, geldings, colts, ponies and foals.

Health club

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Antique restoration

Rosen Stearns and Edith Andrus in Arbutus, Queen Anne worked for the White House during the Wilson and Coolidge Administrations. Their going rate is \$15.00 an hour.

Antique restoration

At the New Farm Park for the Performing Arts (Vienna, Va.) you can swim and relax in a compact. The playground is supervised by the National Park Service.

New York

Piano teacher

Marcia Stevens teaches classical or jazz. Her rates are \$10-\$12 per 30 minutes.

Sheeshka

Leanne Goddy has been in the basement at CBS (150 W. 57th St.) for three years, known everywhere by name and by foot.

Croissants

At Union Station (69th St. and Madison Ave., N.Y.), the croissants are all butter and sour, the bacon leg, 37 cents.

Tobacconist

Practik's Ltd. is sixty-six years old and has four stores in the city. Prices and quality are still good.

Custom tailor

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Sheeshka

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Health club

Nicholas Kravitz calls his place (1st & 25 W., Sixth St.) a "sheesh club." His members range from executives to executives, balance, strength, coordination, suppleness, speed.

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Antique restoration

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Boston

Piano teacher

Ronald Shuman and David Boyer at the New England Conservatory of Music are teaching piano, voice, strings, brass, woodwind, organ, harp, and drums.

Sheeshka

Charlie Haskie works out of the Old South Building (290 Washington) and for over 20 years has given you over 5000 men for all kinds of work.

Health club

Charley Haskie works out of the Old South Building (290 Washington) and for over 20 years has given you over 5000 men for all kinds of work.

Custom tailor

At the Palazzo Fratelli (100 Franklin St., Newark, N.J.) you can have a quasi continental breakfast. The croissants are the best in the area.

Sheeshka

The Blazing Sun (Third Ave. and 36th St., Newark) serves breakfast every two weeks, but the sides are the best. On Valentine's Day, 1978, the menu includes a special breakfast of eggs, fruit, bacon, and hash browns.

Health club

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a racquetball super room and a full-to-the-walls weight room, among other facilities.

Antique restoration

A cabinetmaker for The Boston Herald and post producer for the Associated Press, George Weber likes classic art in his house.

Swim laundry

Under the Cluster in Sheraton, 1000 Atlantic, 10th floor, has an extensive laundry service.

Custom tailor

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CONSUMER REPORTS Knows What's Best for Us All

by Elin Schoen

But in the way of a bargain, mark ye, they'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.

MOUNT VERNON, New York, is a distinctly two-toned town. On one side of the Penn Central Railroad tracks are the Valley Lewis and modestly attractive houses of the middle class; on the other, the sprawling, shabby, off-kilter, and well-adorned houses of people who subscribe to Consumer Reports.

Consumers Union is on the other side of the tracks—the side with the light industry, the corner drug stores, some auto-shavers and the one-floor walk-up Chamber of Commerce, which shares its space with the United Fund. Consumers Union is the nonprofit corporate parent of Consumer Reports, a magazine with over two million subscribers and a \$16,000,000 budget. Its forthcoming, comforting-cut-enoughing voice has not changed since its first issue in 1936 when it said (among many other things): "Good soap, like wine, improves with age. It will be found decidedly more economical to buy toilet soap in lots of a dozen or more packages (prices are often much lower at special sales) and to let the soap dry out a shelf before use. When dried, it will do double duty."

When Betty Farnham first came to Mount Vernon and saw the Consumers Union she expressed "my biggest disappointment since the Blitz Bar in Paris." I mean, Consumers Union sounds so grand, and you expect scenes of plucking lilies and then it turns out to be this dusty, family-style building."

Actually it's twenty-four buildings, according to the local tax department—a crosswise jumble of floors and half-floors, walkways and fire walls. Some of the walls are painted red-orange, others the white of the color of Mount Vernon dressing. On the second floor, outside the changing room, is an enormous fountain and a waddly shower. There is no drain on the floor.

The loudest exercises in the building, the one leading to the employees' dining room, is studded with patches of nylon pile, long-long carpet in shades of hot-peach, white and Howard Johnson turquoise. These are being renovated for durability. A mechanical counter ticks off how many people will ever wash the sheets. At least once the jail reverberates with static-clash. Otherwise, C.U. is not a noisy place. A technician sometimes works on a project for a solid month, during which hardly a word.

The chemistry division is testing garden hoses because Dick Greenbaum, the project engineer, was once "in hose" and, besides, there is a general policy of

selections which Monte Florman, C.U.'s technical director, explains as "a deliberate and judicious attempt on our part to avoid a mass production of guides."

"We've done children's safety gates," "passenger-safety transverse crash-gate tape," dinette sets, zippered and bungee in the textiles division. And in the chemistry division, right now, a hastily improved lay-Sasson which is covering house supports under ultraviolet light (the artificial-sunlight machine is presently preoccupied with outdoor carpet samples), are stomach cloths full of gasoline cans. All the inherent drives will be stripped out of these cans. They will be dropped on a concrete surface. They will be pressure-cooked in a way which determines not only how much heat it takes to pop a hot dog quickly (which means start to go first). They will be subjected to a panel of real live consumers who will do real-life things to them—things such as figuring out how to use the plastic spots or open the lid.

There are an array of used food cooking from the foods division where thermometers are being introduced in bunches of cooking meat. The food is also studied with thermoscopes, which snap from the oven like big spaghetti, run over a pipe on the ceiling, and disappear into Honeywell and Kefirtron Argon thermometers whose readings don't exactly corroborate those of the meat thermometers.

The whole third floor made of learned toast, would numbers of English families having merely been reduced to ashes by a couple of overzealous tea-tins. A room full of enormous ovens, mainly electric, themselves also holds the very best of electric ovens—hundreds of them dry (over the hard-heated kind with built-in broiler), a tangle of electric-blanket controllers; a charcoal barbecue never lit beyond the black and shriveled cake it killed. Twice is a lump of frozen stuff with packages of Bird's Eye chopped spinach. (A brine-and-caramel mixture was once used to determine freezing capability, but this testing medium itself had to be tested constantly to make sure its density hadn't altered. Spinach is much more stable.)

Downstairs, in the photo lab, an open package of dried shrimp is impregnated under floodlights on black poster board, the better to reveal—in one of the black-and-white snapshots that pepper the magazine—a gross packaging deficiency. Some of the fish hangups the rim of the box. A nest of loose, suspended frozen fish fillet samples is being photographed alongside a ruler. One bone measures five inches.

Just outside the photo lab one meets a technician

WHAT CONSUMER REPORTS LIKES

During 1973 Consumer Reports published test results on items ranging from garden hose to station wagons. C.R. put the following brands at the head of their respective classes:



TELEVISIONS
18"-19" color: Sony KV1810



COMPACT CARS
Plymouth Valiant



FLY-FISHING RODS
Driming Silesia 322985



AIR CONDITIONERS
General Electric AGAFROGIA



15" black-and-white:
Sylvania M12080W



Dodge Dart



MEDIUM-HORSEPOWER
OUTBOARD MOTORS
25-45 h.p.
Mercury Mariner 400



FROZEN CHICKEN DINNERS
Bengal Fried Chicken Dinner



19" color: RCA RL103 CR75W



STATION WAGONS
Chevrolet Impala



Plymouth Custom Suburban



50 h.p.
Johnson Sea Horse 80



ELECTRONIC
MINI CALCULATORS
Datamath TI2500



ELECTRIC BLANKETS
Perry's Fashion Motor



Ford Country Sedan



GARDEN HOSES
Hoseco 100 ft.

whose job it is to correlate every six minutes between his office and downtown water-testing machine, monitoring their performance. He has been doing this for four years. Once a week, he says, he goes down to a shooting range with his .357 and blasts it all out of his system.

In the hands of the electronics division, a couple of men are sitting around assessing the clarity with which *The Fires of War*, starring Marloes O'Hara and Rex Harrison, is coming through on the separate sets.

And standing in a little room, alone save for the huge, lumbering-old wooden tubular that stretches the way expert barometers do, is the bath-tub-mechanic. The bath-tubs machine has a green, illuminated frame which regulates the number of times two hands and two thermometers are run down a metal rod. The results are displayed on a meter face, then 47,299, 47,074, and 33,830 to me, at one hundred fifty strokes a minute. This bath-tub-mechanic, as they call it, delivers two hundred thirty pounds of pressure per stroke. The 33,830 grand sum approximate ten years' human wear and tear, and as the bath-tub-mechanic's predecessor, a two hundred seventy-five pound roller which measured each mattress 300,000 times. Off in a corner of the Beatles lab, two men are doing curious things to the carcasses of about nine thousand and writing figures down on lined-and-shielded paper of paper. "How long will you be doing that?" they are asked. "The we get lost out of our minds—and the date becomes statistically significant."

A bout the only glamorous things about Consumers Union are some name-board members. They can't be seen. Roger Baldwin, Nader, and Paul Forni, the "27th" chairman in the editorial director's office, and the fact that Phillips once did a one-offield ad in C.R., with "Sunbeam," starburst, plunger as in an iron, but had a comic-strip-bashed finale. The picture was reproduced in black and white, full size, in C.U.'s *House Organ*, with the message: "Because some of you may wish to take your copy of *House Organ* home, we've printed our one-offield in such a way that you can discard it as a trash basket and not worry about your kids reading it."

"The Boy Scouts of Mount Vernon," someone once called them. *Consumer Reports* accepts no advertising, and manufacturers may not use a C.R. cover to advertise a product. "Our reviewers are sort of clever about policies," says George Colton, president of C.R.'s non-profit corporation. "It's a good idea to just return it to us. If you're sure to get five copies of the paper the next day, they also send us packages of crunched cereal and we're happy getting bags in jars and weans in bottles." When a manufacturer refuses C.R.'s request to read an ad involving a rating, C.R. says, And they always win. They also always win when manufacturers are there for badgering a product—which happens three times since 1956.

All samples for testing are bought retail by nearly free-lance shoppers around the country who are paid \$2.80 an hour for their services. National-brand appliances are usually purchased in the New York area by shapely-in-residence, but in the case of foods, for instance, geographical distribution is necessary to uncover atrocities like the Bird's Eye frozen fish sticks which were found in a supermarket's freezer after having been off the market for almost two years.

C.R. is writing if not a connoisseur-consumer—1800 samples annual for the frozen-dish-off project, 870

samples of instant coffee, 6000 meals served to over two hundred families for a food test, six hundred pairs of stockings tested by three hundred children (adult computers-analyzed afterward), eighty cans of from scratch per dinner test.

The tests of those items vary greatly, and each issue of the magazine contains a well-balanced mix of reports on experimental and commercial uses. The health division, for example, spent \$3,493 this year to test children's sleepwear, \$3,488 for apparel, and \$24,000 on mattresses. The foods division, C.R.'s smallest and newest, also spends the most money—because many projects are farmed out to consultants who seem to spend their time testing cottage cheese or ice cream, and because of the sheer abundance of samples needed to get an average. The entire technical department—which includes the food, chemicals, electronics, transportation, and apparel divisions—also has expenditures on a \$10,000,000 annual budget. In the worst year, C.R. spent \$10,000 worth of testing proceeds immediately.

As a before, however, C.R. recently received \$25,000 in its own neurological lab. The lab is not only an economy measure, but a recognition of the uniqueness of preceding out projects. George Polak, head of the foods division, admits that one can never be absolutely certain that an outside expert hasn't been corrupted by some insidious food packager.

The in-house staff is allowed to keep any products which survive testing. The attacks are kept for six months, then auctioned off to staff members who shop for the rest part, by the book. Notably at C.U. recalls ever having been offered a beret—not even a Christmas belt-pant. There was, however, the grapefruit incident—though everyone recalls it as a story in *Time*—a case of grapefruit sent to the sons of Martin Luther King, Jr., King's wife, and his four sons. King's wife had a tooth and he told her to send it back immediately, but she pointed out that the grapefruit would rot en route to St. Louis, met with the executive director and the editorial director, and they decided to give the grapefruit to an orphanage. They got a letter of acknowledgment from the orphanage and sent it to the executive, and the next year the grapefruit still was sent again—directly to the orphanage.

C.R.'s relationships with manufacturers are, on the whole, pleasant. They always inform the maker of a product that they have bought some samples for testing and ask if there is a new model set out or, in fact, the product is scheduled to be discontinued. One of the few straight-settled conflicts involved the introduction of a new model of C.R.'s own "test bags." But salesmen are often caused by popular demand following the C.R. endorsement than by supplier obfuscation. And there is every indication that even putting a mention, let alone a rave, in the magazine is very good for business.

So down through the years, food manufacturers have learned to live amicably with C.R. and to put out statements for public consumption involving just the right degree of nonchalance opacity. General Motors: "When they give good reviews to our cars, we think they're good. And when they don't, we think they're worse." Ford: "What kind of consumer reports are you talking about? Oh, the magazines." Well, we don't see those statements when they rate our products. We only answer questions when asked. But we don't even do that much because it takes people of them who to answer questions." Haskin-Mobius (whose chocolate fudge did not fare well in an ice-cream competition): "When *Consumer Reports* comes out with a rating like that it's almost libelous, but that type of publicity never

sets hearts on. We've had mail just pouring in from people from all over, and one person said he went out and tried all the other ice creams sampled and now he begins to doubt *Consumer Reports*. Of course, they might have picked up a poor sample. Sometimes you win, sometimes you lose."

For the most part, people who work, or have worked, with C.R. tend to sound like Beverly Schenck: "That place should be plated in shining white armor—the hell with brick." Beverly was a free-spirited balance between C.U. and TV until the west end of it became a film on the Pacific Northwest Indians and C.U. set up its own broadcast division. "It's probably somewhat of an attitude that 'We're modern world,'" she says, "to have an organization that's really old fashioned and everyone's like 'It's like what America used to be.' That's my attitude; that's why I'm here. And I used to be. There's no confusion, I mean he's a rare breed—really dedicated and honest and sweet. I mean, if you were going to adopt someone, would you not want him?"

One night a week, Ira Farnam reports for auxiliary police duty in the Bronx. He carries his handcuffs with him at all times and they are not Sarah & Wassa (the best beat), but Chief of Police (the best boy). On one wall of Ira's office is his son's birth announcement:

Carole and Ira,
both CONSUMERS
and a UNION

This then is
how a CONSUMER
REPORTS
the result

MATTHEW MARC FURMAN 11/16/70 . . . Length: 105 inches Net Weight: 5 lbs. 6 oz. Extremely high tonal range. Looks adequate volume control—in our view an industrywide failing. Designed for horizontal use only; adapters for vertical use may be available next year. Cushioned bottom looks inferior; control a possible inconvenience. Soundstage very high. Looks negatively. Tends to drift off. Input capability constant, but output in discontinuously unbalanced. Image reproduction inferior. Colorbar ratio unbalanced. Inability to track—critical understanding. Pickup potential is unlimited. Consumer anticipates future models with substantially similar capabilities, but possibly different designs. Allow nine months for delivery.

It is famous around C.R. for being able to pinpoint within a month the music in which any story appeared. "The household-passion story? Oh, yeah. September, Seventy-one. We wanted to show, on the cover, that red furniture polish looked like cherry soda and white polish looked like milk as we went to multiple colors—not that we've done it since." But then, Ira is the one who sends out the press releases. It's his job—public relations. Well, director of communications. Given the independent nature of C.R., standing outside a little above the commercial world, it is somewhat embarrassing that the company is mentioned in *Newsweek*, *Time*, *Newsday*, *And They've Been Reading* it more and more of late.

And they've been reading it more and more of late. Is the fiscal year ending May 31, 1972, C.R.'s total costs and expenses were \$10,076,653, of which \$5,367,594 was spent on the paper, printing, mailing and production—nothing involved in putting out the magazine, the annual

Review Guide Index, and other books. And \$4,037,628 was spent on "service procurement"—that is, advertising and promotion.

Ira came to C.U. the same year the Tele's did, in 1969. When Walker Handlisch, the executive director, arrived in 1965 there was no press office at all. Walker has gotten almost as much publicity for driving a light-colored, baby-blue convertible (even as C.R. does everything possible to make convertibles a thing of the past) as he has for drafting the magazine's subscription. He plans to get a convertible with a roll bar the next time around.

"Before I came here full time," he says, "I was commuting from Chicago one day a week and every trip I would talk to the person next to me on the plane and most of them I'd ever heard of *Consumer Reports*. I never said a word to them, but I'd say, 'I'm from C.R.' and they'd say, 'Oh, my God! My father, who is a career Methodist minister—in Mount Vernon, Iowa—would always tell me that if I ever got into trouble, I'd better come to C.R.'s office. I mean, if you were going to adopt someone, would you not want him?'"

One night a week, Ira Farnam reports for auxiliary police duty in the Bronx. He carries his handcuffs with him at all times and they are not Sarah & Wassa (the best beat), but Chief of Police (the best boy). On one

wall of Ira's office is his son's birth announcement:

Promotion is one thing. The press, quite another. Manufacturers are usually welcome to send around C.R., but only a few are. Most are not. They could suggest that the smell of heated toast, say, is an electric blanket with wiring trouble. They could drop a writing student or sell a department a division. And C.R. wants everything, always, to be precise. There is no telling what a misplaced adjective or unpunished fact might do to their credibility—"the bottom line," Betty Farnam calls it, "our pure sans."

Besides, as Ira commented recently, "we don't really need the publicity. I don't want to sound too p.r., but I think we've attained some stature. A year ago, I sent a memo around to everyone telling them we finally made it because *The Wall Street Journal* referred to us as *Consumers Union*, period—just *Consumers Union* of the U.S., a nonprofit organization . . . And there's still a big market, *Consumer Advocate*, Ralph Nader. Well, I was thinking you know, but everyone knows who we are now . . . And we don't really need anyone looking over our shoulders. We do enough looking over our own shoulders."

In November, 1972, C.R. published *Last & Illing Drugs*, which, according to special publications director Jonathan Leff, "was intended to be a nice, thin handbook on drugs and abuse but turned out to be six hundred twenty-three pages on Narcotics, Stimulants, Depressants, Hallucinogens, Hallucinogens & Marijuana—including Caffeine, Nicotine, and Alcohol." Leff thinks it may have been a tactical error to cover the drug book of *Consumers*, when "people want the Galapagos Islands in a page and story for \$24.95 to put on the coffee table." But the book was well received. So well received, in fact, that when the press clippings were counted it was found that reporters and magazines with a total circulation of 50,000,000 had made some mention of the book. The *Chicago Tribune* covered it in a five-part series. (Continued on page 148)



America's Best Mail Order Eats

Because the finest foods of the country are regional specialties, your supermarket can't possibly carry them all. Happily, your mailbox can. On these four pages is a sampling of the best mail-order delicacies you can order by mail from the merchants listed on page 148. Even if you live in the Great Plains, you can savor the delicate flavor of Northwest king salmon, top. It's shipped ice-fresh from the Pacific waters. The Washington Puget Sound cooks processed, but the Maine lobster arrives live and steaming. Below the lobster is dinner准备ed

from Idaho spring waters. Give this place, or stuffed with crab and shrimp. In the creek, center, is a salty, gourmet tartar sauce from New York. The pot holds home-made clam chowder from Connecticut. In the background, bottom left, the German-Swiss-style smoked salami comes salty, medium, or hard-smoked. The Standard key oysters on the half shell are shipped fresh or frozen. On the seaweed! Alaskan long crab roe, bottom, Long Island oysters and Maine smasher clams. Furthermore, the Coopers Creekers are a Massachusetts tradition for clam chowder.

Photographed by Harry Wolf



Great snacking starts with great cheeses, and great cheeses start with Wisconsin. At top are three Wisconsin轮们: the red wheel is a Fontina, a light yellow table cheese with a delicate and nutty taste; the pink wheel is a Jarlsberg, a yellowish-tan cheese which comes with a subtle sharpness. Atop sits a creamy, sharp Käse. On the cheese board, the Swiss is also from Wisconsin, while the rest are from the outstanding cheese-making town of Leura, Illinois. The wrapped chunks and wheel, top right, are Gouda; below it, Old Heidelberg, a close kin to Leerdammer, and in front a wheel of Leura Käse, which may consider the equal of French Brie. As for the breads to go with your cheese,

the top and bottom loaves are San Francisco's famous sour-dough bread, the second from top is a rich whole wheat bread from Vermont, and the second from bottom is a slightly different whole wheat bread, packed with walnuts, from New York's State Deli. The epitome of cheese, however, sits left, about 10 feet up your nose, from New York, where they know fine cheeses. In the foreground at bottom left is an unusual jalapeño corn bread mix, which adds a Tex-Mex snap to sweet corn flavor. And at bottom right, hard to American, Georgia, far big, delicious pecans. They come whole or shelled (regular, hickory smoked or cinnamon spiced). For really fancy, rich chocolate pecan bark is also available.



This assortment of specialty foods starts, top, with lemon-iced preserves from South Carolina. Below them, left, is a variety of dried fruits from the Mountain State's region. In the back are dried Virginia peas and beans. You can order jumbo artichokes by the case from Cartersville, Georgia, the artichoke capital of America. In the stacked jars, top, are cornmeal polenta, middle, sweet hot fiery Southwestern jalapeño jelly; bottom, crunchy Texas chili chips. Right, a jar of New Orleans gumbo file powder is a must for cooking Creole. Third row from top, the left, mildly hot red peppers are shipped from Santa Fe in large garlands or wreaths. That's Texas-hot chili powder in the

ceramic bowl; in the glass bowl, South Carolina cowpeas, and in the white bowl, Austin chili from Dallas takes barbecue's standard-bearer. In the front row, left, is a pouch of spiced dried apricots; handwoven and shaped frames from Santa Fe. The glass bowl adjacent holds New Orleans red beans, a Cajun favorite. In the smothered head, it's New Mexican chile coladas hot sauce. For right, those shelled pecans from Texas are incomparable! In the foreground are two types of tortillas from New Mexico, the traditional white ones and a uniquely indigenous blue ones. Finally, the crunchy, wafer-thin homemade cookies from Georgia taste as close to fresh homemade as any cookies available by mail.



Boucher Shop, U.S.A., leads off with a tray of outstanding barbecue meats. Shown at top left is saucy barbecue ribs taken from Jackson, Wyoming; center, spicy Tennessee mustard; right, a tray of the best in beef salami from New York City. The hefty country ham hanging down is a Tennessee classic. Middle row, left, New York adds the panting eaten' pastries. To go with it, try the coarse-ground, medium-hot Creole mustard directly below. That black beauty is a plums, sugar and tender smoked turkey from the smokehouses of Tyler, Texas. In the basket is an assortment of delicacies representing two distinctly different but equally distinctive regional approaches to charcuterie. From the

Cajun country of Louisiana come French-influenced undercousins meaty steaming ribs at top left in saucy barbecue beans; beans, beans, beans and beans; beans. Minnesota prefers Brunswick, smoky bratwurst and kraut-wurst from Germany. The beans and beans have a whole-some, country-fair flavor. Next to them is Vermont Canadian bacon. If you live far from a real butcher, Quesada Sticks will send you 500 migraines or sleep sticks. Gosh, the molder duck from Wisconsin gives you a choice for safety razored savagery. Bottom right are two more odd delights: the whole schmeierwurst is from Milwaukee, and the dried meaty beans are from the Pennsylvania Dutch country

An Introduction to Selected Aspects of Slavic Orthography

by Jana L. Tuzar

Or why Banacek can't spell

For well over a year, public discussion of television has centered on such irrelevant matters as the effects of media violence, definition of obscenity, and the quality of programming. It has curiously ignored the most crucial and, in some circles (every Mockingbird Ladies' Literary and Social Club for one), the most controversial issue in television today: Namely, does the derring-do hero of NBC-TV's detective series, Banacek, spell his name without a *s*?

Consider the facts. The hero (1) spells his name Banacek, (2) pronounces it /ba-nashk/, (3) accepts the first syllable, and (4) claims to be Polish.

But in Polish, the letter *c* is pronounced /ts/, as in "teson tsy"; the /ch/ sound, as in "cheese," is rendered by the spelling *cz*. The letters *a* and *e*, and the corresponding vowels /a/ and /e/, are also interchangeable in Polish; therefore the *a* in English Therefore, in Polish, Banacek would be pronounced /ba-nashk/. Conversely, if the name were pronounced /ba-nashk/ in Polish, it would be spelled Banasek.

Moreover, in neither instance could the name be accented on the first syllable. The Polish language has a fixed stress on the penultimate—that is, the second is always on the second-to-the-last syllable. Therefore, in Polish, the name would be stressed Banasek, not Banack.

The conclusion is inescapable. As written and pronounced, the name could not possibly be Polish.

What is it then? Simple linguistic deduction provides an answer.

In the Indo-European languages which use the Latin alphabet, the /ch/ sound is written as *ck* in French, *tch* in German, *ch* in English and Spanish, *cz* in Polish, *č* in Czech, *č* and *č* in Croatian, and *č* in Italian as *c* before *i* and *e*. Thus, the *c* in Banacek could be pronounced /ch/ only in Italian, Czech, and Croatian. We may eliminate Italian because Banacek is obviously a Slavic name, which leaves Czech and Croatian.

New Gothic art seems divine in its purity and as are the Slavs—into the Western, Eastern, and Southern groups. The Croatians belong to the Southern Slavs and the Croats, like the Poles, to the Western group. Since the *-ek* ending in *banacek* is typical of the western Slavs, the name Banacek is apparently Czech (Venez? Čáslav? Tschobé? Check! Czech!).

In Czech, too, uses diacritical marks as do French and Spanish to change the value of letters—the name would be written Banacek. But the diacritical marks are usually dropped by foreign languages, as it would, naturally enough, become Banack.

And it would be pronounced /ba-nashk/ with the accent correctly where the hero wants it, because Czech has a fixed stress on the first syllable; the dash over the second *c* indicates length, not stress.

So here is the mystery: a hero who claims to be Polishness who has a Czech name, and both spells and pronounces it in the Czech manner. Why? In lack of authoritative information, speculation has been rampant, dexter and sinister both.

If Banacek is indeed a Pole and Banasek, he must have, for some unexplainable reason, dropped the *s*.

Could it be an agnóstical device to establish dominance over each new acquaintance by correcting the pronunciation of his name? An affable, if somewhat bizarre, method indeed, since no one without an advanced degree in Comparative Slavic Phonetics would guess that it is a Czech name.

Or perhaps he changed his name merely for aesthetic reasons, fearing that we would notice his the accent who first transcribed Czech into English using Polish letters. (A bad precedent, fortunately not followed. Thus we have been spared *Czeka*, *Czile*, and *The Ministry of Winter Czernst*.) In any case, Banacek looks well, neither than Banacek. But it certainly a serious handicap. Whereas Banacek has a slight air of elegance about it, Banack has a distinct aura of Prague savagery, Pilmer hair, plaid pajamas, and a general Bohemian preoccupation totally out of keeping with the hero's carefully developed air of suavity and sunny faire, not to mention amorous prope.

It is also possible that the name is not Polish at all, but a Polonisism from some other language, one in which that troublesome *c* could /ch/ or its brethren content. Indian (Banach)? Croatian (Banach)?

None of the above would explain the telltale accent as the first syllable. Perhaps Banacek is Banafeld and a Czech after all. If so, why does he deny it? Is he a member of this century's Czech diaspora, using a change of nationality as a red herring for protection against red sharks and things that go bump in the night?

It's also not beyond the realm of possibility that Banacek is both Polish and Czech.

What if the father was Czech and the mother Polish, and the son, from a sense of fair play, took his father's name and his mother's nationality? Or did some mucky relation in the family closet prompt Banacek to deny his father's nationality, if not to refuse his name? On the other hand, perhaps his father was a Pole and never married his Czech (Continued on page 148)

Winston Churchill???



WHAT ARE THE SUPER RICH DOING FOR FUN THESE DAYS?

by Pete Axthelm

Buying nice, expensive yearlings



The finest horses in the world line the weather to Kentucky's Keeneland auction.

There's a horse on the way! The word spread quickly, crackling through the dusty heart of the racing. A European horse trader dashed down the first row. Then a score of breeders, breeders and buyers-in were passing it along, through the next row of horses while three hundred fifty one-year-old thoroughbreds were being prepared for sale.

"He's from India or Pakistan or somewhere," one man said. "They say he looks like."

"Not just ships, man," said another. "This guy owns the biggest oil tanker in the world. He's got nothing but money to spend, and if we pump him up a little, he

just might blow the roof right off the sales pavilion."

"What does he want?" asked a man with a half dozen yearlings in his stall. "A car and driver? A place to stay? A party to go to?" It turned out that the live one wanted all these things, and well before his plane touched down at the Louisville Airport, they had all been provided for him. Kentuckians are very hospitable people, especially in midwinter when their hope to sell their finest horses at the best possible price.

One veteran of decades of horse trading observed the hurried preparations that were being made for the live one with amusement. "They're all set for him," he finally said. "Now it's just a matter of making sure

his foot's in the right place when the trap opens."

This was the Keeneland Summer Sale, the most important and by far the most expensive auction of prospective racehorses in the world. Before the two-day extravaganza was over, buyers would spend just under \$20,000,000, surpassing the previous sales record by more than fifty percent. A single purchaser, the British Bloodstock Farmer of Ireland, would invest \$1,700,000 in a dozen fat, sleek and completely untried yearlings—almost double the old standard for a spending spree by an individual buyer. And in the ultimate moment of the sale, a Japanese-dominated syndicate would pay the equivalent of over \$600,000 for one colt. These numbers would speak eloquently of the health of the horse business, particularly on the international scale, and they would be analyzed long afterward, not only in racing's trade publications but in prestigious financial journals in several countries.

To the horsemen at Keeneland, however, the analysis would be virtually irrelevant. The fiscal experts could mull over the devaluation of the dollar, the tax laws of Japan or the other factors that suited so many free-wheeling foreign investors into Kentucky. The romancers could credit the surge in the excitement generated by Triple Crown winner Secretariat. And the outsiders and nonbelievers could measure the incredible horse market against the rest of an economy that had no race and fast and stock market, and billions of other products. But the sellers around the Keeneland barn had no time for such observations. They had more immediate concerns. Like making sure that somebody with cash to spend was standing around in the hot sun with an empty champagne glass.

Not that the many breeders of Kentucky lack knowledge of taxes and farm depreciation and other financial maneuverings; try to buy a few acres or a couple of breeding rights from them, and they'll jump very quickly into horseback. It is just that what a Kentuckian sells a horse, he sets down to the basics of salesmanship. His rhapsodies about the animal in smooth, colorful superlatives that have been passed down through the Bluegrass by generations of breeders and their relatives alike. He air conditions an old tack room and transforms it into a plush cocktail lounge where his potential customers can relax. He hires pretty young girls who know how to show off yearlings to their best advantage—by leading them into patches of sunlight on level ground so that their smoothly rounded coats will shine and the slender legs of the fragile horses will appear as straight and sturdy as possible. And above all, the Kentuckian looks for a live edge.

This is the element that will always distinguish the horse industry from any other business that might gross \$20,000,000 in a few days. Goldmines are the essence of horse racing, and buying yearlings is the longest and most hazardous gamble of all. The rewards can be great: A handful of the colts sold each year at Keeneland will go on to become champions that are worth millions of dollars. But the vast majority will

never come close to justifying their inflated prices, and buyers and sellers know it. So the most expensive horses ever sold can't simply be put on a block and auctioned off like so many pieces of merchandise. The customers must be charmed and entertained, fatigued and impressed. In a word, they must be hustled.

This tradition has grown for centuries in the fenced off of the South. Perhaps it traces to the first old gambler who ever sold a slow horse to make him resemble a fast one, or to the Faro-karisma trader who gauged a lot of air under a horse's skin to make him look fast and healthy enough to add to Al Stoops' Stockroom. Such crude practices have long since given way to more refined ones, yet the heating-spirit lies on. Sometimes it leads to clear-cut swindles, such as when a basic bid paid to trainers so they will drive wealthy owners to pay more money than horses are worth. More often, it inspires subtler modes of deception that are not only within the rules, but considered a challenging feature of the entire horse-trading game. Every seller, for example, is entitled to try and make his horse's infirmities behind a glowing shield ahead the animals



The 1973 auction. The big spenders were all after Secretariat's half brother,

Belgrave, or in other chicanery in a customer's weakness for a particular type of horse. He is also entitled to do his level best to get the buyer drunk. Horse traders give a special, poignant meaning to the phrase, "Let the buyer beware."

Such tactics are employed at scores of thoroughbred auctions, large and small, in every country where people bet on horse races. But in terms of history, elegance and money, Keeneland is in a class by itself.

The sales history is a fitting measurement to one of the great events. From 1875 to 1910, the Schloss Fox of Wall Street was the most famous horse auction of the century. Keene had and raced more colts than any one could list, but his most notorious adventure was his attempt to corner the Chicago wheat market in 1884. Keene once won as much as \$300,000 on a single bet on a horse, but his wheat scheme made that gamble a severe misfortune. He plunged \$7,500,000 into it. When brokers refused to honor his certified checks at the crucial moment, he chaptered a train and personally hauled



hage of gold into Chicago—but the brief delay allowed the carver to be broken. Jay Gould applied pressure to Kenee's holdings and he lost everything, including his racing stable. He was the last to file for bankruptcy, but then he took over management of the same trust, made some changes, borrowed and bought enough horses to dominate racing again. Kenee is still revered in horse-trader circles for his tenacity and persistence. He is also revered as the prototype of the indestructible live wire.

For elegance, Keneeland offers a gay round of parties on the rolling farms of the major breeders. The biggest gals is hosted by the matriarch, "Cousin Leslie" Coates, who has sold more horses for more money than anyone since the modern Keneeland auction began in 1944. While hundreds of grainy mimosas on the patio of the manor house of Cousin's Spendthrift Farm, the septuagenarian Leslie provides a charm more seductive than that of her aristocratic, old-world visitors. In tones as rich and warm as her looks, she says every woman that she is in the soul of beauty and every horse owner that he or she is his most valued customer. And she always returns to her favorite theme: "This is the finest crop of horses I've ever raised," she tells people. "But folks don't seem to like 'em much, so they're going to be bargains, I'm afraid." Price of Leslie may be just giving his horses away this year.

The fact is, of course, that Leslie Coates is the most successful commercial breeder in America because of a unique blend of shrewdness, charm, manipulation—and the knack for giving away absolutely nothing except fine country ham and bonded bourbon. He is famous for arranging behind-the-scenes deals to insure lively bidding on all his yearlings; he reportedly knows the identity of the bidders and the approximate price of every one of his horses long before the sale. Yet the poor marketing and the partying menus essential to Coates's ritual—and to the sales pitches of many other breeders. It all goes with the elegant horse.

The live one's name was Ravi Tikkoo. He was a striking man of four-eighths, with dark hair and gray sideburns and a broad chest that thrust prominently from the double-breasted pocket of a rusticated-kilim gray suit. It turned out that he was neither Indian nor Pakistani; he said that he had been born in "the princely state of Mardi," a part of Kashmir, but he was a British citizen based in London. The more important statements in his advance notices were correct, however: Tikkoo owned the world's largest tanker and was in the process of building an even bigger one. And he was ready to spend enough to allow the roof off a horse sale.

"My two tankers are worth two hundred and fifty million dollars," he said as he strolled through the barn area. Some wealthy racing people tend to be reticent about their fortunes; others, particularly the newest of the high rollers, use their thoroughbreds as

ledges of success. Tikkoo belonged to the latter group. He visited here with a new wife in the Keneeland dress, and when he realized the statistics that were his credits, he pronounced them slowly and distinctly, making sure that his listeners caught the full impact. He hadn't given up. The horse traders were listening very closely.

"Within the next few years, I will spend one percent of my ship's worth on horses. That's two and a half million dollars," Agent Tikkoo paused for emphasis: two European advisors and several ram with horses to sell were hanging on every decimal point. "I'm an international financier, and I bought my first tanker in 1965. I scraped to the top of that business in five years, and I plan to do the same thing in racing." Riversong added in agreement with his master plan, and then Tikkoo and his entourage got down to the business of looking at yearlings—or, more precisely, having some racing shown to them.

The showing of a horse is the heart of the sales process, the moment that can determine ones and for all whether a customer will make a bid. Everyone at Keneeland has a sales catalog full of pedigree information, and horsemen often feel themselves in agreement about the value of any given set of bloodlines. But examining a yearling is a very different matter: one hundred people may look at the same horse, assess his bone beauty, weight, neck, and such, and one hundred come up with impressions about his potential ability, his personality or the endless negotiations of his legs. Such judgments are as fallible and transient as they can sometimes be influenced by even the most unpredictable of forces—and even older horses to

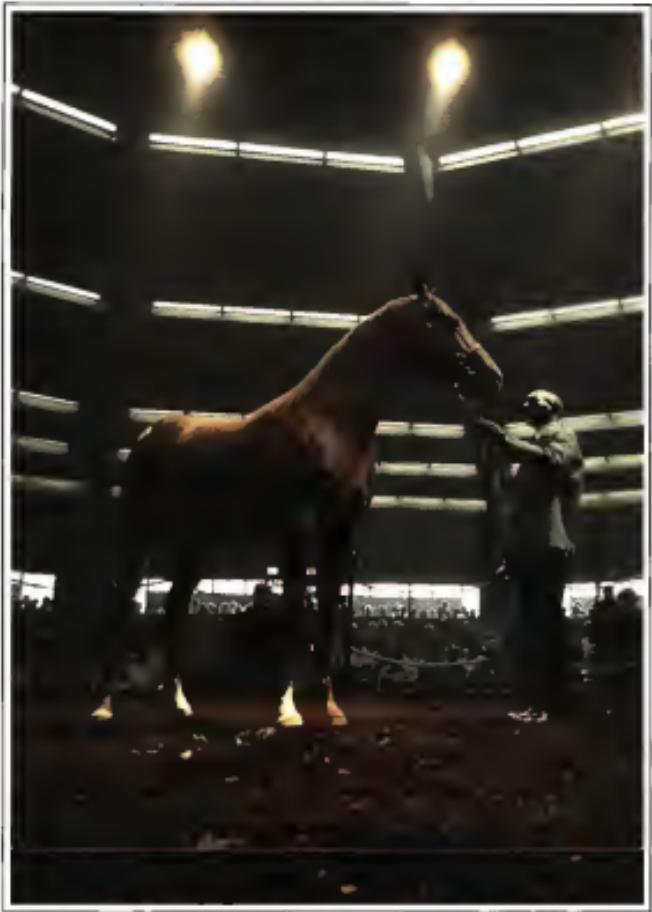


After the partying and dealing, opposite, the prize horse was sold to Japan's Seiken Yusho for a record \$100,000.

start that crucial force in his own special way.

The basic approach to showing yearlings could be found at the two largest Keneeland consignments. At the Spendthrift farm, Leslie Coates was a one-woman show, another woman's vision of kindness and complete devotion to art of presentation. She used to make her yearlings grow larger than life by dousing each colt's slightly misty eyes. Over at the big Cliborne headquarters, on the other hand, the atmosphere was tense and businesslike—a reflection of the president of that farm, young Seth Blaneck.

Cliborne was selling its yearlings for the first time in two decades, partly to pay the estate taxes following the death of Seth's father, Arthur B. (Bill) Blaneck Jr. Generally regarded as the greatest breeder of the postwar era, Bill Blaneck left a legacy of bloodlines that will influence racing for generations, as well as an expert staff to run his farm. But some horsemen still wondered how Seth, a shabbily dressed thirty-year-old who looked even younger, would survive in the fierce Keneeland competition. Instead of attempting a high sales pitch, Seth spoke at eloquently toning and made everybody very wary by calling *me* "Sir" as he showed them his yearlings. Then he proceeded to prove that even among the sharpest pitchers some horses are good enough to speak for themselves. The eighteen



As yearlings are knocked down for a record average of \$24,814, breeders mount and syndicates are formed.

California horses sold for a record-shattering \$2,364,499—a tribute to Bill Hancock as a breeder and a dazzling debut for Sells as a horse trader.

All of which was fine for Combs and Hancock; but the sellers who weren't so successful and too had to try their luck at the next sale. Gentry, for example, established a new sales record for handling out gifts. Every prospective buyer who wandered within range of the Gentry barn found himself laden with pens, pocketknives, lighters, catalog covers and a can-worthified fake pocketknife that made things appear smaller than they were—"It's for measuring Linda Combs' penises." As the visitor sought to maintain his balance under the weight of his loot, he would witness to Gentry's prowess, whimsical spirit: "Being that filly cut bare and let their mouths water . . . there's one that's a half sister to Holy Land, you remember him, he was gonna win the Derby, he was just making his last move when he fell down . . . seein' while you hold that horse, Amuse, maybe we can throw you on a package deal . . ." Gentry left most people laughing when it was over. He also had seven yearlings for \$616,000, which will buy a lot of pocketknives.

Horace Tikkon, mentioned perhaps a dozen names at the various barns, Horsetowne, when the sales talk reached extremes, he smiled sardically, making it clear that he was the cleverest to believe a word. At other moments he behaved as enthusiasts that stirred the hearts of the sellers. "A beauty," he said of one chestnut colt. "Magnificent."

"It'll be expensive, too," someone said. Tikkon turned to him with a disconcerted look.

"No price is too high," he said firmly, "if I see a horse that I want."

George Swinebroad handled his geld and hermed his large body forward on the podium as he traversed the crowded sales partition. His practical eye required less than a second to take in the precise locations of the prominent high rollers: Combs's stage of clients down in front, the European agents scattered discretely through several rows, and behind them the Australians and the Japanese. Only the last group made him hesitate. He noticed that George Yachida, who leads the world in thoroughbred spending, was not in his seat.

"I'm watching for those Australians," Swinebroad had earlier. "Last year they came to look up, but this year they brought money. A lot of it. And if you've got good血統, Yachida, he's the big buyer now." He had told Jim Combs he was heading for home, but when you want to know if Yachida's in action, you also have to look for another little Japanese guy who represents him. As long as that little guy's around, we're okay . . ."

By the time Yachida and his representatives made their entrance, Swinebroad had sold a number of horses and studied a lot more of the faces out in front of him. He was calling for the bids in a high speed, singing chant and spicing it with stern reprimands to the crowd: "There's too much conversation here, let's get down to business!"—but he was also watching carefully, and he liked what he saw. It was going to be a very big sale.

"What you've got here," Swinebroad had said, "is a whole lot of tension. The horses are so select, and

the prices are so high, you can almost feel it in the air. So me and my boys, we have to be what you might call nicely attuned, always looking for bids, even if they come in at the last second before the halter falls. In a sale like this, we got to be sharper than sharks."

Swinebroad, avuncular-type, has been sharp enough to cash more than \$350,000,000 out of buyers during his career as a horse auctioneer. Now, as Director of Auctions and a colorful firebrand for the entire Keeneland operation, he has many duties, including the selection of the yearlings to be sold each year. This is no small responsibility, since every breeder on the Bluegrass dreams of selling his horses at the Summer Sale's bull market—but there is room for only about one third of the applicants. Owners of the rejected yearlings have good reason for disappointment. They wait until the Yochidas and Tikkons are off back at their homes counting money. But if Swinebroad's judgments are pedigree and conformation, anger the unfortunate outsiders, they also provide him with a good deal of entertainment.



Shipping magnate Ravi Tikkon, left, boasted that money was no object, but dropped out of the bidding saying, "The price has gone ridiculous."

pride and satisfaction—almost as much as he gets from commanding or excelling a live one into putting up a record price during the sale.

"I want to be known as a humble man," Swinebroad says in his deep drawl. "I know that there are people here who know a hundred times what I know about horses. And there are buyers who are great experts in every business in the world. So I just try to be my own best self. There's no use in trying to outsmart folks around here." George makes this little speech in such a humble and sincere manner that you would be drawn to believe a word of it. He is clearly as smart as anyone in the room, but not pretentiously.

Interestingly, after a life marked by dramatic successes and surprises, Swinebroad seems to have his fondest memories on two of his most recently orchestrated and predictable sales. This is mainly because the orchestrator and seller at those sales was George's good old roommate from Centre College, Class of '25, Louis Combs; the buyer was Combs's friend and housemate at such sales, Canadian industrialist Frank McMahon. One year McMahon paid a record \$254,800 for a Combs colt, later he returned to pay \$510,000 for the colt's brother. The headline-making purchases seemed less remarkable when it became known that McMahon had actually been Combs's silent partner in breeding both horses; in (Continued on page 150)

Saying Good-bye to the President

by Robley Wilson Jr.

Speak up, it's hard to hear in dreams

We are strolling in the Rose Garden at dusk. The sky is cloudy, taking on the first glow of light from the West. The winds are soft, the clouds rained by the rustling of a warm wind in the White House trees. The President walks with his hands clasped behind his back, his head bent slightly, swaying at bits of gravel with the toes of his shoes. Behind us, at a little distance, two Secret Service men follow, talking discreetly, keeping their eyes on us.

I am the one who finally speaks, breaking a silence that has surrounded us like smoke since dinner.

"I never thought it would end this way," I say.

"No," he says. "Neither did I."

"I miss you."

He gives—a flicker of his mouth as slight as to be almost an inward grin. "We had good times," he says.

We take off our hats and move across a damp lawn. The agents trail us at their interval, neither careful not to stop where we have stopped, sounding the dark places in the grass that mark where we have pressed the dew against the earth.

"I suppose you're all packed," I say.

"Almost," he says. "A few pictures...." His voice fails; he brushes the sentence with a movement of his shoulders.

"I guess we'll both get out."

"Things have a way of settling themselves."

"Will you think of me?"

"Can you imagine me forgetting?"

"Then I can live with this," I tell him.

He puts his right hand on my shoulder. "Try not to dwell on it," he says.

"All right," I tell him.

He signals to the agents. I turn away and begin walking rapidly in the direction of the traffic aisle. I have given my word I will not show tears.

We are at the Rose Garden, in a room whose two windows look across a deserted beach to the ocean. The President is standing, shadowed and silent, at one of the windows. It is breakfast; the sun streams around him and turns the room gold. He waves absently to a Secret Service man seated at the base of a palm tree, and with his other hand holds at his side his hat on his chest.

"They'll miss you," I say to him.

He sighs. "I suppose they will."

"They send you the way a family would."

"They did—for a while, at least. I'll always have that."

"You've settled everything?"

"Oh, yes," he says. "All packed, ready to go."

He moves from the window and picks up a white shirt from the chair beside the bed. He draws it on carefully, the motions of his dressing like those of an old man.

"Can I help with the cuff links?" I ask him.

"No, no," he says. "I can manage."

I stub out my cigarette in the glass ashtray. Then I think it would better if we were rid of it. I stand up.

"Just you and me can do this," he says.

While he sits on the edge of the bed, stretching on the shore, I button and adjust our jacket. I say, "It's going to be a secret"—not because I care, but because I am embarrassed and wish to say something.

The President nods, scoops up his coat. At the door of the room I put my hand out to him. His mouth is dry.

"I think we can do without those, can't we?" he says.

"You, sir," I say, and follow him out through the hallful of photographers to the waiting van.

We are aboard the Sequoia. It is a starless night; a light breeze carries the smell of the Pacific Ocean and there is no sound save the low murmur of a forest. The President is leaning over the rail of the yacht. He wears a wet suit, goggles pushed up from his brow. He is adjusting the pressure of his air tanks. When he looks, it is a voice unusually louder than a whisper, and the words come fast upon one another. The Sequoia rocks gently in the rising tide.

"You've got it all straight?" the President says.

"Yes, sir. That's me, sir."

"All right." He hoists the tanks onto his back. I help him adjust the fastenings. He takes the air piece into his mouth, checks the tanks one last time.

"Good luck," I tell him.

"Thank you. Remember—not a word to anyone."

"Right."

"You won't hear from me for two weeks, but don't worry. Everything's arranged. In thirteen days, mail the package to Garavassee; in twenty-seven days, mail the large envelope to Garavassee." He pulls down the goggles. "After that, you'll get instructions every two weeks."

"Yes, sir."

He shakes my hand. "I'm counting on you," he says. The next moment he has stepped over the rail of the yacht—a dive, wake phosphorescent from the ship's lights. Then a crewman appears at the rail beside me.

"What's up?" says the crewman. "I thought I heard a splash."

"You did," I tell him. "The President just fell overboard."

The crewman lights a cigarette. (Continued on page 128)

Illustrated by Mark Alan Steinley



GABARDINE
TIMES
FOUR

Gabardine tailors beautifully, holds its shape and looks good on everybody—ample reason for its big revival in four handsome colors. For starters, consider these subtle slate. Below, the blue slate side-vented wool gabardine suit (\$225), cotton shirt (\$25) and silk tie are by Ralph Lauren for Polo. Right, it's Dominique France's grey slate trench coat (\$285), a Giovannelli sweater (\$35), Handcraft scarf and John Weitz doe-skin gloves. Inset: another blue slate wool gabardine suit, this by Hardy Amies for Phoenix (\$175). Eagle shirt (\$20) and Chest Knot tie.



**Classic
Camel
Gabardine**

Here, it's gabardine in traditional camel tones with '74 styling and accessories. At left, Aquascutum's knee-length, polyester-and-cotton-blend trench coat (\$130) deserves a Jaeger lamb's wool sweater (\$22) and a tone-on-tone Byron Britton shirt by Arden (\$14). It also deserves tying, not buckling, the belt. The suit is Clubman's slumped, patch-pocket gabardine (\$135), with a Gant shirt (\$15) and Rooster — Cuff the trousers, of course, and step out in lime Intercoopers oxfords (\$40) with a slightly more pointed toe and a higher heel. Socks (\$2.50) by Interclo. — Esquire.



**British
Tan
Gabardine**

For rugged casual clothes with regimental overtones, these British tan gabardines can't be beat. Here, the Dior Homme ready-to-wear wool gabardine shirt suit (about \$250) has pleated pants. Wear it with shirt tucked in and a Canterbury belt. At right is a shaped, cotton gabardine trench coat by Jaeger (\$170). It's single-breasted, belted and sailor-styled. The cotton gabardine shirt suit (\$125) is by Jaeger, scarf by Polo and belt by Harness House. All glasses are by A.R. Trapp.





**Rich
Chocolate
Gabardine**

A more formal chocolate shade rounds out the gabardine palette. This rich cotton/polyester trench coat (\$190) is from Christopher Franck. The striped shirt (\$14) is by Excello. Opposite, the Cricketeer polyester gabardine suit (\$85) has patch pockets and side vents. It's worn with an Arrow tattersall shirt (\$14), Wembley tie and Florsheim two-tone oxfords with wraparound perforated wing tips (above \$50). The diamond-pattern socks (\$2.50) are by Gold Toe.



QUADBERRY

"Cashed out from page 227 I raised Guard Armor," said Eddie Wilkins, 26, of Atlanta. "Quadraberry sat in front of me on the stage they'd built. Down on the floor were hundreds of sweaty teen-savers. Four girls in sunglasses, showing what they could, were leaning on the stage with bodies bent low at their waists. I put my hand over my heart and thought, I get absolutely lost out of control. The guitar boys would have to turn the volume up full blast to compensate. Then I went deaf. Anyhow, the dramatic idea was to release Quadraberry as a very soft sweetie, like a nightingale. But the audience's ear-splitting roar of rock-and-roll tones, I'd get off the bushes and we would submerge the crowd with our tenderness. By August, I was as deaf as I had to water. Quadraberry's fingered shambles castes on the telephone, had to say yes to me. The other members of the top 50 bands told me we were behind of time. I pretended I was trying to do experimental things with rhythm when the truth was I simply could no longer hear. I was no longer a tasteful dramatic, either. I had become deaf through the noise."

Which was fine—exactly the quality he made Quadraberry worked on the telephone. During the howling, during the chattering, Quadraberry had taste. The noise did not affect his personality; he was still as a knight. He could plead. Oh, he could plead. That was the time when the right time came, but he could do supporting roles for an hour. Then, when he brought out fast food for his solo or something like *Pike Five*, he would play with such light blithe techniques that he even eclipsed Paul Draper. Eddie Wilkins' first record deal with Dave Brubeck. The gods seemed the stage did not mean him to enter into excessive loudness or silence.

Quadraberry had been ever given friend since, Lillian back at Clinton, who put all the noise in the world into the telephone in the shade. In my mind I had a graduated scale for getting up next to the beauty, but in Jane and Jody, when I was still hearing things a little, he never said a word about her. It was one to me. And when I could hear nothing, I could still dream of her to hear, that he asked me to turn on the shade light and spoke in a retarded deliberate way. He knew I was deaf and cringed on my being able to read lips.

"Don't... make... fun... of... our... love...," he said. "I... don't... care... she... is... deaf...," he said.

I lowered my head. Never would I make fun of him or her. She deleted me because I had taken out her helped little sister for a few weeks, but I would never think there was anything funny about Lillian, for all her beautiness. I only thought of that event, now mostly forgotten.

"No one except you knows," he said. "Why did you tell me?"

"Because I'm going away and you have to take care of her. I wouldn't treat her with anybody but you."

"She hates the sight of my face. Where are you going?"

Anapolski*

"You aren't going to say *sauvé* Anapolski?"
That was the only word that wanted me."

"You're going to play your saxophone a lot?"

"I don't know what I'm going to do."

"How... how can you just leave us?"

"She wants out. She's very excited about me at Anapolski. Wilkins [this is my name], there is no girl I would imagine who has more inner excitement than Lillian."

I entered the town edition, as old Eddie. She was in the room, the chattering stopped. I was but she was now away. It was difficult to learn anything, being deaf. The producer wasn't a postman—but finally he went to the kitchen with the formica and the signs of progress. He was a tall man, I hang out and move at 11. At the end of the grade school held posted. I happened to see Eddie's pants. Should only make a G. Beautiful Lillian got only a G while I, with my headway, had made a B.

In his room, he was very quiet, slightly stiff. I had watched Lillian's stomach the whole way through. It was not growing. I wished to see her look like a watermelon, make herself an amazing mother shape.

When I made the B and Eddie made the C, I took my eye contact and started talking by touch. She opened the door. Her parents weren't home. I'd never wanted that offer of watching over her as Quadraberry wanted me to, and this is what I told her. She asked me into the house. The rooms smelled of tobacco and beer. She was wearing her little sister's worn-in jacket, and my wish came true. We were alone. You can eat watching cats too."

"Are you pregnant?"
He? Then she started crying. "I wanted to be. But I'm not."
"What do you hear from Quadraberry?"

She said something, but she had her back to me. She looked to me for an answer, but I had nothing to say. I knew she had need something, but I hadn't seen it. She turned around.

"He doesn't play the saxophone anymore," she said.

This made me angry.
"Why not?"
"The music south and scenes and sounds of the world are for Mr. Tracy. That's what he dreams to music. He wants to get into an *something* jet."

I asked her to say the word over and she did. Eddie really was full of noise sometimes, as Quadraberry had said. She understood that I was deaf. Perhaps Quadraberry had told her.

The rest of the time in her house I never witnessed her beauty and her mouth moving.

I went through college. To me it is interesting that I kept a B average and did it all deaf, though I know that isn't interesting to people who aren't deaf. I lived music, and never heard it

I loved poetry, and never heard a word that came out of the mouths of the visiting poets who read at the camp. I never heard a poem, and never heard a song that made me cry. Christmas Eve, Eddie was back from the Miss and there on an M-80 out the streets for old times' sake. I saw it explode, but there was only a pressure at my eyes. I was a parent when Lillian was married, and I have known two girls (I am medium headed) who lived in apartments of the old two-story 1929 vintage, and I took my shirt off and made love to them. But I have no real idea what those reactions were. They were good when I was young, but I don't know if when I grew up, but I have no idea whether I ever had the last pleasure or not. I hope I did. I've always been partial to women and have always wanted to see them satisfied till their eyes popped out.

Through Eddie, I got the word that Quadraberry was out of Anapolski and now living off the Bentons' Richard, an aircraft carrier headed for Vietnam. He telephoned her that he would set down at the Jackson airport at ten o'clock one night. So Eddie and I had dinner there, waiting. It was a further place than this. She was a violinist and her loops were mostly in the South. She was a huge person, had red sandals on her feet. I was in a black turtleneck and corduroy jacket, feeling small. As an adolescent I used to go to the Bentons' house, and the maid waited at Gordon-Maxx Advertising in Jackson. I hadn't seen Eddie in a year. Her eyes were strained, no longer the bright blue things they were when she was a piccolo beauty. We drank coffee together, talked her, her as I kept looking over her shoulder, the horizon.

He came down in an F-something Navy jet right on the dot of ten. She ran out on the airport pavement to meet him. I saw her stand up the ladder. Quadraberry never got out of the plane. Eddie took him in his arms and Eddie headed up the ladder. Then Quadraberry had the cockpit cover open. He turned the plane around so its fanning red seat was at us. He took it down the runway. We saw him and Eddie take off. Eddie took off the cover of the canopy and went toward San Diego and the Bentons' Richard. Eddie was crying.

"What did he say?" I asked.
"He said, 'I'm a dragon. America the beautiful, like you will never know.' He was glad you were here."

"What was the message?"
"The same thing. 'I am a dragon. America the beautiful, like you will never know.'"
"Did he say anything else?"
"Not a thing."
"Did he express any love toward you?"

"No."

"He wasn't Ardin. He was somebody with a nose in a helmet."

"He's going to war, Eddie."

"I asked him to kiss me and he told me to get off the plane, he was Ering up and it was dangerous."

"Ardin is going to war. He's just an

old man."

Traditional 194



**Micronite filter.
Mild, smooth taste.
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Kent 10 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine, 10.9 mg "tar,"
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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
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his way to Matteson and he wanted us to know that. It wasn't just him he wanted us to see. It was him and the jet. He wanted us to see the jet or that black jet. You can't kiss an airplane."

Again the dark, and I thought I would cheat not only Quimberry but the entire Quimberry family if I did what was natural.
I felt satisfied.

Then he went off of the strip. Just like that, like the PJs dropped off the cones and made like a rock. Quadeberry never saw the strip so over him. He was so shocked that he just sat there in his system and got held up again in the nuclear blades. So Quadeberry waited. His plane was making its approach and he could see the heat of the aircraft's engine exhaust. He was still in the cockpit, but he didn't know if he made it and it didn't seem that anyone was coming. Just let the big guy get closer. Down what little power he had left in his system, he pushed the spacers button. It forced the plane to drop down and then it would fly straight. It was almost like everything had been at an undivided paradise. But two things he makes were in a heliport, because as soon as the reader is on the reader to lift him up. Quadeberry's tank was really small. He was not at the top level and he said for now.

10

5



Quarrymen came back to Clinton town after their work was done. He hadn't been about here so long. So I told him Lillian was dead when I met her at the airport. Quarrymen was that and mother used to live here. They were good people, but they never had any children. The kids had just disappeared—because his wife was out shopping. The Arctic man seemed a pitiable citizen as an old-schoolteacher friend of mine said. He had a good heart, though he was slovenly dressed. The mouth was his was crooked, his teeth were bad, and his hair was balding. He was breathing heavily—smoking cigarette after cigarette. In his long night ride he had held a very heavy load. He had been driving a truck. Lillian had consulted another adviser that could not possibly make any sense.

"Say it again slowly."

and E. Marshall, *Journal of*

"...you were up on the hill, you
just, I think it seemed to me, I
had to see the sunrise. I think it's
was beautiful and the world was all
surrounding and the world was all."

"I know you're an intellectual. We could keep on the lights so you'd know what I said."

"You want to say things? They won't go away by just saying them."

All his traps weren't the easy kind to blast out in daytime and he switched the 30-30, and a SAM missile could come up strong there. Two of his enemies were taken down by these missiles. But Quanderry, as an experienced and efficient learned technician, he'd never get perpendicular in the air and make the SAMs look ugly. He even shot down two of them. Then, one day, he thought, a MIG came floating up behind him and his gunner. Quanderry couldn't believe it. Others in the squadron were okay, but Quanderry knew

Quarryberry came back to Chelan two weeks after Liban and the others had been shot. Trump was dead. He hadn't been buried at her home. So I told him Liban was dead when I saw him at the cemetery. Quarryberry was thin and rather weak in his services—a grey suit and an old-style cap. The white stains of his hair were past. There—the halo had disappeared—because in him was cut short. The Arctic snow seemed a pitiful setting in an otherwise somber face that was set agains death. He looked shoddily dressed. The watch was in his wrist, though.

10

A small white vase containing a single red rose.

104

"You want to say things? This isn't going to be just sex."
"I could never be just sex."
"I agree. Go to sleep. Let me make up my mind whether to come in there. Turn out the lights."

"Hornblow, Alabamian subdivision eight houses with four this column in Trust back at a time. We got a tax
on the floor of the terrapin. People have
to walk around I asked him to get up.
"No. Now in old Clinton?"

Photographed at Yasuni Wild Monitoring Site, Ecuador

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cross water tank; not a shopping center; a monster Jersey Jungle, fifth-case transmission covering the floor. I love it." "I like it," he says. "I like it because, as Quashberry said, on the floor shifter, dropped over like a long week sandwich?" "It's not our town anymore. And it's going to hurt to drive back into it. It hurts us every day. Please get it."

"And Lillian's not even over there now?"

"No. She's a cloud over the Gulf of Mexico. You flew out of Pensacola once. You know what beauty those pink and blue clouds are. That's how I think of her."

"Was there a funeral?"

"Oh yes. Her Methodist preacher and a big crowd over at Wright-Patterson funeral home. Your mother and father were there. Your father shouldn't have come. He could barely walk. Please get it."

"You've got your telephone?"

"We're there a while? Did you all go by and see the pink or blue cloud in all its beauty now, now as it had done, who he was alone and fearless and tremendous?"

"Yes, they had a very creative coffin."

"Lillian was the Unknown Shrewdness. She's not getting up."

"I just said still have your name please."

"No. I don't. I tried to play it on the ship after the last time I hurt my back. No one I can't bend my neck or spine is play it. The pain kills me."

"Well, don't get up, then. Why am I asking you this? I'm not the best doctor, too much of a dreamer and I can't stand to write the ad copy. I do. Want? I'm a good dreamer?"

"Sleeps."

"But we can't be in the resistance forever. The police are going to come and make you sit up if we do it much longer."

The police didn't come. It was Quashberry's mother who came. She looked me in the face and grabbed my shoulders before she saw Art on the phone. We were both shocked. Her hands were shaking with sobs. Quashberry was shaking with sobs. Quashberry was gathered to her as if he were a rose she was trying to wrap around herself. Her mouth was all over her. Quashberry was a woman who had been looking at art for fifty years. I was her last customer. He cried out that his back was hurting. At last she let him go.

"He was so weak," I said.

"Dad's in the air trying to put it right" and he mother.

"The old man Quashberry said, "I thought everyone and everybody was dead around here." His pat has arms around his mother. "Let's all go off and kill some more together." His mother's hair was on his lip. "You?" he asked me.

"Abandon the dead out of it?" I said.

I planned to follow them back to their house in Clinton. But where we were going through Jackson, I took the North 35 exit and disappeared from

them, exhibiting a great amount of taste, I thought. I would get in their way in this session. I had an audience. I had a platform. I had a book review, as Quashberry said on the floor shifter, dropped over like a long week sandwich?" "It's not our town anymore. And it's going to hurt to drive back into it. It hurts us every day. Please get it."

"And Lillian's not even over there now?"

"No. She's a cloud over the Gulf of Mexico. You flew out of Pensacola once. You know what beauty those pink and blue clouds are. That's how I think of her."

"Was there a funeral?"

"Oh yes. Her Methodist preacher and a big crowd over at Wright-Patterson funeral home. Your mother and father were there. Your father shouldn't have come. He could barely walk. Please get it."

"You've got your telephone?"

"We're there a while? Did you all go by and see the pink or blue cloud in all its beauty now, now as it had done, who he was alone and fearless and tremendous?"

"Yes, they had a very creative coffin."

"Lillian was the Unknown Shrewdness. She's not getting up."

"I just said still have your name please."

"No. I don't. I tried to play it on the ship after the last time I hurt my back. No one I can't bend my neck or spine is play it. The pain kills me."

"Well, don't get up, then. Why am I asking you this? I'm not the best doctor, too much of a dreamer and I can't stand to write the ad copy. I do. Want? I'm a good dreamer?"

"Sleeps."

"But we can't be in the resistance forever. The police are going to come and make you sit up if we do it much longer."

The police didn't come. It was Quashberry's mother who came. She looked me in the face and grabbed my shoulders before she saw Art on the phone. We were both shocked. Her hands were shaking with sobs. Quashberry was gathered to her as if he were a rose she was trying to wrap around herself. Her mouth was all over her. Quashberry was a woman who had been looking at art for fifty years. I was her last customer. He cried out that his back was hurting. At last she let him go.

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I planned to follow them back to their house in Clinton. But where we were going through Jackson, I took the North 35 exit and disappeared from

The sunroom and there was a seventy-five-thousand-dollar chaise. Seventy-five thousand dollars. I had an audience. I had a platform. I had a book review, as Quashberry said on the floor shifter, dropped over like a long week sandwich?" "It's not our town anymore. And it's going to hurt to drive back into it. It hurts us every day. Please get it."

"And Lillian's not even over there now?"

"Oh yes. She's a cloud over the Gulf of Mexico. You flew out of Pensacola once. You know what beauty those pink and blue clouds are. That's how I think of her."

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"Sleeps."

"He said the surgeon's past ten years, he's nose, minus three Johns Hopkins hospital. He said this Gordon guy has published a lot of articles on spinal operations, and Easier. Come to bed!"

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"Quashberry had his garage at Emory Hospital in Atlanta. The brilliant surgeon has age but his Quashberry died. He died with his Arabian nose up in the air.

That is why I told this story and will never tell another. ■

SAYING GOOD-BYE TO THE PRESIDENT

(Continued from page 127 with "No Goodbye") he says the others were a Kool. We smoke in silence.

We are at Camp David, in a large clearing not far from the main compound. The balloon is not yet inflated, as I had said on the grass, neatly a circle, with the tail end pointing away. The staff is working about. The President is in constant conversation with the Secretary of State. Two men in overalls are closing the front doors, while a third man is leading the horses. I am standing just close enough to overhear the President.

"You've booked passage?" the President is saying.

"I have," the Secretary answers.

"Captain," says the President. "Now you've got the last night of our lives where along the north shore. You know what to do?"

The Secretary nods.

I drift to the edge of the field. The balloon is being filled, the great blue balloon, which is to be at the shrubbery arranged as an open area, to it that the balloons expand easily. In another twenty minutes the balloon is full, holding in the afternoon sunlight like a spooner, as ground crew ranged around the gondola. The President takes a long, slow, slow walk from a small open area, who points to the balloon controls. The cane backs away. The balloon begins to rise.

The President waves to the spectators, blows kisses to his family, leans out over the balloon bags and calls out to the moon.

"Good evening," he says. "Keep your eyes open. Keep your eyes peeled. Keep your nose clean."

He is looking directly at me as these

instructions trail off and we are longer in the air. The balloon is now a circle, as I said, a circle, the top of the balloon is only a speck in the uppermost sky. Then I return to my car. I am not certain if the President was talking to the Secretary or to me, but I am at all clear about the meaning of the words.

We are outside the city of P., racing down a narrow road lined with native trees. I am driving a black Mercedes to a secret rendezvous, the radio blaring German music. One three, kicking up stones that bang against the car's dashboard. I am driving very fast, fast enough. It is hard to believe. It is hard to imagine. The President, a man twice his height, his arms and legs trained with clothesline, is on the track of the car.

Over inside the city I drive slowly over asphalt streets. Stopped at a red light, I see a workshop. In the square some people are shouting a film. I count three cameras. Several men, wearing the foreign garments I had noticed like Americans, are sitting in the shadows, watching the film. They have their hands. I stop at a curb, not far from an alley too narrow to enter except on foot, and step out of the car. A real翡翠 approaches me, he is tall, hunched, has a battered black cap pulled down to his eyes. He looks. I wait.

Long! The movie is over.

He smiles. For the shore house the secret of strength, he says.

"I say. All right, suitable with time. He says. Try to stay out of trouble resort. He takes the other and walks for the moon.

"I have the order," I say.

"I have the movie," he tells me, and holds up a small pouch. "It is in deutsche marks."

Ford Mustang II. The right car at the right time.



MUSTANG II CHIEF

H Every once in a long while, the right new car comes along at the right time. The original Mustang was that kind of car, black in 1964.

We think Mustang II is that kind of car today. It gives you all the economics of a new small size, all the luxury you could want, plus a level of performance quality you never expected in a small car.

An impressive list of standard equipment.

□ An incredible interior with individual seats, full width headrests, deep padded doors, thick cupholders carpeting front and rear, and even on the lower door.



INTERIOR

□ Beautifully functional instrument panel (above) with tachometer.

□ A glassy smooth four speed transmission, short throw, fully synchronized.

□ A lively but thirsty four cylinder overhead cam engine.

□ Front disc brakes.

□ Rack-and-pinion steering.

□ A unique new suspension designed to ride more like a luxury car than a small car.

□ Jewel-like decor and finish everywhere—an example: the extra bright moldings around windows and wheel openings.

□ The closer you look, the better it looks.

A remarkable choice of models and options.

You get four models to choose from: 2-door hardtop and Ghia; a 3-door 3+2 model; and the sporty Mach 1. And here are some of the many exciting options:

□ Spacious leather interiors, featuring elegant seat fabrics and patterns, 25 ounce cuppile carpeting, special door panel with courtesy lights, and more.

□ An exciting 2 liter V-6 engine. Power-assisted rack-and-pinion steering. Competition suspension. A handsome digital clock. A breezy little sun roof. Mustang II. A new class of small car. First Class.



TWO DOOR HARDTOP



THREE DOOR PART-HATCH

Yet with all this luxury and quality, Mustang II still carries an economical small-car price.

See your dealer.

From the many exciting options available, the choices above are equipped with white leather seats, plus a leather door panel, a power sunroof, and a leather steering wheel.

For more information, call 1-800-255-4323.

FORD DIVISION

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FORD MUSTANG II

FORD DIVISION

of consumer-based consumer reporting and is the largest contributor to the Consumer Federation of America (a lobbying coalition of over two hundred consumer groups).

C. U. has allotted \$100,000 of its 1973 budget for these and other grants—in the use we make the Dragon Conservation League to serve the African Parks Fund. This is "the first step in our effort to begin the compilation of an oral history of the conservation movement." "It was felt," say the upholders of the grants book, "that *A Study of the Maudslay Mission in the Kingdom of Ghana* fell in the outer peripheries of C.U.'s conservation interests. At the same time we are sympathetic with the objectives." They found part of it.
"It difficult to find a person more possessed from Washington, D.C., "in had extensive sources to speak about *Conservation*. Usen because they subdivide nearly everyone in the field."

This increasingly multi-directional outlook has led to a kind of literary cross within C.U. There is a real fear that too much money will diminish mobility—the unbiased, independent stance needed to evaluate products objectively. On the other hand, there's the matter of social obligation...

"We're not God," says Monte Flemons, the nonlinear director. "Our message is not evangelistic, as I was at. It's to serve as a tool. If the people are here, we're here to help them." If it's to their service, we test service. But he's trying to get the staff and the board oriented toward the more theological aspects of counseling, which were never in the first place. We had an emphasis on the Moltmannian concept of God's life driving us out of the shadow of monogamous abuse, and we don't have people like that anymore. She wrote the sexual part, I guess you'd call it, on the waterings of time to increase its weight. If I could add one to the Fifths, I'd add a lot of "and" to it.

Now, with the new Washington office, we hope to set at least some of these problems in a different way. We have to

Where he uses the saying he is better served with prostate purchased. He supports campaigns in a broad range of community activities, giving most attention to food testing and food to cancer education.

C.E. "addicts," as they often call themselves, occasionally admit that maybe the suggestion is a little...uh...arousing. "Perhaps," suggests John D. Clegg, a member of the Washington Council. "It would, according to some subscribers, defer delivery rates even as it did on the report on trash compactors in the June issue." The year really isn't a \$100-plus application that mostly changes twenty pounds of trash into two pounds of trash," suggests the author.

But another reader is, or the whole, a very contentious lot. One im-

make more work.

Bald Stiles, calls C.R. "a sleepless giant." He says that while they create art shows and perhaps benefit from the sales of poster programs to educate people who can't afford to measure in the style to which C.R. readers are accustomed (and who don't buy magazines), they also benefit from the fact that the magazine would stop doing things like dividing Color and saying hot dogs. "I've come across this more than once, and it's very upsetting."

Matthew Johnson is interested in exploring "the relationship between art and revolution and materialism." I think you describe yourself as a communist," he says, "so we've become the problem. The most intelligent way to deal with it is not to let it become the problem. That's why I'm writing this article—just a quick section on *Essays for Writing The Sweetness*. Matthew, getting an award from *Bitter Lit*, getting kissed by someone with bad breath, and the last thing I can do for TV is

walked out. It's not a question of whether electric carrying knapsacks should be—
you shouldn't buy one. I ride a bicycle
I wouldn't own a car. But what the hell
—C.U.'s got a winning formula. Their
simulations are going up and up and up,
and you won't argue with that. These
are very well be used at Americas for
an organization that just tests products."

Then, as after 1970, did C.R.'s readers (average age: 58.000, average age early 1970s) want You can tell by the description response rate—a very strong 81% present median, with nearly percent responses among returning subscribers. You can also tell by the "most requested stories" (targets five, two second). In February of an Indiana University survey of over four hundred subscribers and non-subscribers in the Indianapolis area, it

Thus [C & J] have regularly thus far utilized their franchise to widen their sales, and have been successful in this regard by purchasing the brands it represents, most in the purchase of durable goods, least in convenience goods. He expresses satisfaction with as performance as all credit, and would like to see more activity in the product-testing area. When he uses the name it is better fitted with products purchased. He suggests that C & J expand its range of convenience activities, giving more assistance to product testing and least to convenience franchises.¹⁴

"I'm 'Yabba,' " as they often call themselves, occasionally admit that maybe the magazine is a little subspecies oriented. "Perhaps," suggests one lady, "it's because they're in Westchester County." It could, according to some interviewees, reflect deeper social issues, as it did in the report on trash computers in the June issue ("The real reason we had a \$300-plus appliance that mostly changes twenty pounds of trash into twenty pounds of trash?" implored the robotic).

But constant readers are, on the whole, a very contented lot. One typical subscriber says, "I think shopping is nonsense and I'm not in any position to sit in judgement on the mechanics of products. Besides, advertising oneself to a car salesman shouldn't happen to a

Another subscriber, who describes himself as "national average three kids and a lawyer husband," states that "C&R helps us face our low budget to our greatest pains. Of course, they've run into the problem of having belly button rashes. Not everyone is going to buy a car or a masking machine especially, and their report on them annually. But after you've bought all your toothers and blenders, what you do is fit it in—for the rest of the year."

"All the subshores I know are the same type—they all vote Democratic! Liberal? It doesn't strike me that Joe Bidenways reads C.B. and, of course, he's the one who should. And I can't say anything more about it."

earth, but by this time it's rehabilitated Common Cause and Ralph Nader forms a kind of triad.

Walker has had a string of his books heading in the aftermath of recent and sudden retirement as an assessment, effective January 3, 1974. "I've been asked to do a new edition," he commented at the time. He was referring to his best-seller, *The C.U. Guy*, *The Washington Post*. The book's headline was "Consumer Mass Institution on Trial." C.U. was one of the heroes in personality and caught up with intense controversy—the *advertising* debate. "They're not the ones who are being attacked," he said. "It's the people who are attacking them. They show little leadership. Why don't they do more things of value as well as change?" How is Walker taking all that?

"Well," he says, with one of his pensive pauses, "my brother [Ron or Mark] was here and he called up and said, 'You could see the hangup down here. I never thought C-1 was that surprised. I Walker, you got almost as much time on Watergate.'" He looks back again for a moment.

The trouble with C.U. is really that we never gotten it together enough number of us all put together. And I think a couple of us, and people of The Times, the most from Herbert Asberg, for instance: It is useful to think safely and easily products and packages, which products are basically and which are finished. But there are more fine consumer goods in the market than ever before, and changes in the nature of the marketplace, in workings of government and administration.

But where the hell are you going to get that consumer back? You get it by getting products because people want to know what refrigerator to buy and that's why they buy the refrigerator.

It's not the refrigerator, it's the original idea, the original concept, the original design, the original selling. And he goes up to the testing plant and says, "I've got a new product, will you sell off my chair?" "I can't give you formulas for success," it says, "but

THE COTTON LEADERSHIP TRUST FUND

From the porch, hanging the porch
With him, each step it makes
Brings him closer to his argument

Sobbing his tears to mind,
asking we do it as right
as we when we possess.

He should in his eyes as far
as it is the wisdom of man allow
it, in punishing them a due part.

*During the hours he brings
himself good measure would check
you, at least an hour past.*

Salem refreshes naturally.



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that Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.**

AMERICAN BANKING ASSOCIATION
FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM

891 represented the final crop he had served—the last chance for a buyer to seek another Seamanseed. Yoshida and some of his constituents wanted him Sealy told them that he would be very expensive, perhaps the most expensive seedling ever sold. They began a series of strenuous negotiations.

At first the Japanese sought the cost for transportation. But out of respect for their associates, they left the speaker no time, and a plane also made the call impossible. Then finally introduced two Americans, friends in the group, and they decided to divide the bill into eight shares. Yoshida took two; Shigeno Tatsunori wanted two more. Two others—Japanese and two Americans took the rest, with Shelly managing the cost of one of the American flights. The members of the group depended on their limit, \$8,000 each, for a total of \$64,000, for more than a year awaiting his invitation.

As the summer approached for the arrival of Map Number 25, Scully forgot his heady jokes about Bankhead. The thought occurred to him that he could bid 100,000.00 and not get it home. It was unlikely, but never after getting together his syndicate, he didn't want the colt to get away. Then Yashida leaned over from the east end by Scully and drew a line through the 54-10-00. Spur on his carbine. Under a Tuskus wrote a new number: 57-00-00. Scully allowed himself a thin smile.

As Number 291 was led into the ring, there was a burst of activity to the right of the podium. A sales employee was bringing over an agent named Tom Cooper, from the British Matchstick Agency of Ireland, then the man flashed a signal at Swanshead. The auctioneer's voice was cautious at first. "You sure? You got that to start here?" Finally Swanshead turned back to the crowd and mumbled, "All right. That's a nice update, I'd say that. Just we've got to get it off the floor."

tied in a long time." Now Swisshard was trying with his audience, playing up the suspense in his best showman-like fashion. An opening bid of \$100,000 is usually enough to force out any doubtful bidders and allow the strong types to concentrate on business. Few spouses ever go higher than that. But as Swisshard wiped his brow in an aggravated assessment, it became clear that that one would have much higher could it not?

Buncombe made them wait for the answer. Seth Hauseck, the seller, was stated just behind Cooper, he resisted the urge to lean forward to try and find out. Suddenly, further back in the pavilion, glasses were clinked at Yesterdays.

"I've got five hundred thousand dollars as an opening bid. Where?" Suddenly everyone was straining to get a look at Cooper; there was a burst of noise in the pavilion. "See. You know that didn't scare me," Bremwood said, and then he was into the routine, war-song chaff as if it were just another mile. "I've got five hundred, no hundred, I've got five hundred, now

Cooper had made a short-cut bid, a bold effort to drive all real buyers out of the market. It would have worked at any other sale in history, this time it never had a chance. The auctioneer's gavel landed only seven seconds before it struck a long finger and bid \$10,000.

Soon there was another commotion. Seven willys go seven, fifty seven, willys go modify, I'm fed up, now we're no fitz!" Turning to Cooper, Smeathland smiled. "Doris seemed at all in one place?" The agent nodded rapidly, but the chink went on. "Twenty-five times, do you want him? I wanna give everybody an opportunity." But there were no opportunities in the world at that point, and after a few more related plums, Smeathland brought his business down.

For a split second there were only sounds. Then the room was alive with voices, and Stensgaard broke with frustration and announced the name of the next victim. "It's time for another one," he said. "Jameson, Jim Sculley, take a look at me." Branning, Jim Sculley ran from the next seat to Tashkola to acknowledge the applause. It was perhaps the ultimate testimony in the windshield argument of the entire Stensgaard experiment. The results of public opinion were not always what they seemed to be. For a young man who had been nothing more than a cone a finger and a second breaking seemed as somebody else's money.

Accepting congratulations later on the win, Scully announced that the colt would remain in the New York division of Yoshida's international stable, under trainer Steve DiBlasio "Pete Stew," and senior trainer "If this horse isn't run, do you suppose he will tell Yoshida it's his own fault—or blame it on the

"That's the thing about buying a parrot," said another beginner. "It's like getting married. The first night is exciting as hell. But then you have to take it home and live with it."

The man made a sensible point at the Kevi Table when he concluded, "The prison here is artificial." But, in the end, such hardened judgments have no place at Kneppwood. Not even the smoothest builders ever claim that they are offering safe, peaceful, long-range solutions or fair and unfettered peace structures. They are selling wobbly nights and golden hours and

dreams of the winner's circle at Churchill Downs on Derby Day—and such ephemeral goods can be an expensive as five live ponies to make them.

body thinks about all the bills they're putting in—everybody's thinking of the issues. I guess the same principle applies here. It just ends up awful lot easier to do the same." 48

THE HEALING HAND OF MR. E.

Continued from page 77) came to Recovery Hill to be healed. By the time I met him he had been a director of managers of the Somers-Dunham Institute at Recovery Hill and had exchanged many letters for her spiritual work with Mr. E. from the Parapsychology Foundation and the Shanti Foundation, the latter founded by the late Chester Carlson, inventor of xerography, a man most people seem to know well. She described Mr. E. as "an extremely lonely man who wouldn't refuse anybody anything." He had a forty-five year history of healing as he had been a healer or advertised his healing talents. "He lived by his trade as a recluse,"

At their first meeting, however, Sister Jants was not yet sure that Mr. B had any healing ability. If he did, he was convinced that it would show up in her body. She would have to wait for the action of the temperature gauge. Perhaps because he had already created readings, he was not particularly surprised when Sister Jants said she had a test tube containing engine oil solution and asked him to add some to his hands. The oil, he thought, would be eliminated as heat actually, he experimental design was not quite simple. Sister Jants took every precaution to ensure the sensitive visibility of anything that might happen. She had a small fan to eliminate the possible effect the heat from Mr. B's hands might have on the engine. To eliminate this as a variable, she attached a thermometer to Mr. B's hands and held this up, in turn, to see if there was any change in the temperature. Meanwhile, an unheated sample of engine oil solution—the control—was constantly measured at the same temperature. There were also thermometers appropriate to the various temperatures of interest. The reading of the reading that interests would have to show up in the control as well.

A batch of triptycene salen was made from fresh cyclohexane (dried over magnesium) and then dried under N_2 . The product was stored at the storage temperature as Mg^{2+} 's bands had otherwise left alone; the process was given to Mg^{2+} to treat by simply putting the flask beside around the tempered tank and heating on the up to 100°C for 10 min. After this time, small portions were taken off at 10-min intervals for analysis.

The third was exposed to ultraviolet light, as a wavelength known to be highly damaging to it. For a period of time calculated to reduce its activity to 10% , the sample was placed in a chamber at 100°C to heat it, and then exposed to 365 nm light until what was left of its activity, if any, could ensure its activity; the sample was exposed in a high magnetic field of 1000–15,000 gauss (the material's maximum magnetic field is about 15,000 G) for comparative reasons. In each case, the sample was analyzed at regular intervals to determine its activity.

The relative activity of the enzyme in each case was determined spectrophotometrically. There is no way to measure

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Make 1974 your year to win, play, and show the world.



Melvin Keyes

Next Fall, Esquire Makes Football Snappier

And just wait to see what we do for baseball, basketball, hockey, tennis, golf, and just about every other major sport you've been watching, playing, betting on, and being grandly obsessed with over the years. The entire October, 1974, Esquire will be devoted to the United States of Sports, all the big ones, written about, photographed, and painted as only Esquire knows how. The issue will be extra big, bold, something to hang on to. No kidding. Watch this space for details.

project, the chief of staff at a Buffalo hospital called Sister Justa and asked her to bring Mr. E to the bedside of a woman who was chronically at the point of death. After only two treatments by Mr. E, the woman was released from the hospital. In a recent interview, Sister Justa says she "can understand, after all, they must face their entanglements. Medical doctors spend a great deal of time and money acquiring their skills. To encounter an uneducated man like Mr. E can be a bit disconcerting, but they cannot, with all their training, afford to think for them to accept."

In a letter from Mr. E, I learn that his first healing took place about forty years ago, when his twelve-year-old son contracted a severe case of mumps. The boy's fever failed at that time. Mr. E applied the bag on his leg for two days, at the end of which the child had completely recovered. At that time Mr. E withdrew the heating to "my parent's love" rather than to any special healing factor.

Later, while teaching in a military academy, Mr. E noticed that the horses he rode never suffered from diseases whereas those of his students were often lame and exhausted after long rides. His students and their members began to add his name to their list of healers. He soon learned that some of his "clients" would rub oil on them. It did, and word soon spread that the hands of Ocular Extrahealing were lubricated. Soon he was being called upon to treat all manner of afflictions. He became a doctor during World War II as a horse as well as a soldier, and eventually worked in a hospital in Reggio, treating patients the doctors no longer felt they could help. The fact that the staff kept him there for nearly ten years attests to his success. After the Hungarian Revolt in 1956 he emigrated to Montreal where he still lives.

Though he is a Roman Catholic, "a believe Catholic," as he puts it, Mr. E says that he does not pray or ask God for help during the laying on of hands. He believes that God is omnipotent and, having acknowledged that, feels it is his duty to get on with his work without bugging God for constant reassurances. Also, he feels if he knows that he does much of his experiments he can take part in them himself—after all, he is asked to heal some plants and animals and let others (the controls) suffer. He complies because he hopes that the results will shed light on the healing process and on the long run, allow him to do more for people. He asks God for extra help in these experiments, he believes, would be particularly inappropriate.

When he touches something or someone, Mr. E says he pays attention to "the phenomena": vibration, temperature, warmth, coldness, etc., and to everything the patient's body communicates to him. After that, the healing is "automatic." He doesn't know what happens but believes an energy passes from him to the patient.

Shortly after his arrival in Canada, Mr. E was introduced to Bernard Gend, Like Sister Justa, Dr. Gend's primary research has not been in the psychic diseases. His Ph.D. is in experimental morphology. He has published many unity scientific papers in the field of gynecology and urology—a dozen in extracurricular research. He is currently a professor in the department of pathology at Montreal's 26th (McGill) University. In 1961, when a Hungarian technician was in laboratory research in passing that the wife of a friend had just been successfully treated for a uterine condition by a Hungarian physician equipped with a reputation for paper healing, Dr. Gend was immediately interested. His sole contact with the "healer" was that that part had been William Bush, the eminent French psychiatrist who had been instrumental in developing what was known as "water energy," a hypothesized force that he believed was the basis of all life. A personal friend of Bush's, Dr. Gend was himself curious about a life-force that might be made available through present-day techniques by physicians and healers. He thought that if the proper experimental setting Mr. E might be able to demonstrate the subject.

He began the experiments with men andogenic seedlings. In one of the first series of experiments, seeds were given various heat treatments and then divided into three groups. One group was treated by Mr. E, the second group received no treatment at all and the third received heat treatments that kept the seeds from sprouting. Those treated by Mr. E, E-31 were heated, fed and watered the same way and all received the same amount of heating by hot rockheating. Mine is the heat and control groups developed large delayed germination at the very early stages. After the Hungarian Revolt in 1956 he emigrated to Montreal where he still lives.

During the summer of 1973, Mr. E's efforts were rewarded. Dr. Gend wondered "how widely in the biological realm this effect could be observed" and so turned to the plant-growth experiments. In order to "create a state of need" in the plants, Dr. Gend prepared what he calls "the nutrient solution." "We wanted to make things as tough as we could for them without actually killing them," he explains. It became Mr. E's task to heat not so much the plants as the water solution itself—so that it would not adversely affect the plants in the first place. After he heated the solution, he would transfer the small plants developed small tunnels at significantly slower rates.

In a later experiment, seeds were sterilized and wounded by removing severely damaged patches of skin from the seed coats. These seeds were immediately weighed and the area of the wound immediately measured by placing transparent plastic over it and tracing its outline with a grease pencil. These seeds were then transferred to paper, cut out and weighed. The average was 265 mg. Measurements were made again at the end of the first, eleventh, and fourteenth days after sowing. Statistical analysis of the weight of the paper percentages of the original weight showed that the two control groups were breaking at the same rate, while those in the group that had been treated by Mr. E were breaking at a rate "significantly" faster. The experiment was repeated with the same results.

These experiments were not fully double-blind in these pilot studies. Dr. Gend was a co-coordinator project with two other researchers, Dr. René J. Cadoret and Dr. G. L. Paul, both of the University of Montreal. A double-blind elaborate experiment was then embarked upon to see whether the earlier results

would stand up when far more mice (three hundred) were treated under the standard double-blind conditions. Untreated control mice were designated the O group, mice treated by Mr. E were called the E group and those mice treated by Dr. Gend were called the G group. Control mice were placed inside opaque paper bags. In half of each group the bags were sealed shut; in the other half the bags were left open. In the opening series, Mr. E and Dr. Gend each held the bags inside the bags and held them to the edges directly. In the closed bags series they simply placed their hands on top of the paper bags.

Again, statistical analysis showed no wounds in the animals treated by Mr. E, while the controls treated by the other two groups in the open-bag series. Interestingly, the mice treated by the skeptical medical students healed more slowly than the mice that received no heating-at-least treatment at all. No statistically significant results could be obtained in the closing series, even in those mice treated by Mr. E. Below the level of statistical significance, however, his seeds did heal faster than those in the other two closed-bag groups.

Having observed Mr. E's effects with men andogenic seedlings, Dr. Gend wondered "how widely in the biological realm this effect could be observed" and so turned to the plant-growth experiments. In order to "create a state of need" in the plants, Dr. Gend prepared what he calls "the nutrient solution." "We wanted to make things as tough as we could for them without actually killing them," he explains. It became Mr. E's task to heat not so much the plants as the water solution itself—so that it would not adversely affect the plants in the first place. After he heated the solution, he would transfer the small plants developed small tunnels at significantly slower rates.

irreducible role in the learning the bugs presented but to the state of anxiety they produced in the more Preliminary experiments. And suggested that the bugs might be troublesome, for it is known that nervous and agitated men tend to be more susceptible to disease than the calm.

In the conclusion to a paper published in the *Journal of the American Society for Psychical Research*, Dr. Gruel says: "Although it may be said that the nature of the force that is producing the biological effects described... or the mechanisms whereby it acts, the experiments on wound healing and plant growth have demonstrated that the results called here are not due to the action of healthy, at least well-adjusted, human individuals, but, on the contrary, demonstrable effects which, because it was done on animals and on saline poultice over plants, can hardly be explained as being due to the power of suggestion." (In one of his experiments conducted with individuals other than Mr. E also yielded significant results, some of them in the positive direction and others in the opposite direction. In one of these experiments, Dr. Gruel found that a predominantly nervous person had a marked, though stimulating effect on the plants than did individuals hospitalized for depression and psychosis.) Therefore, Dr. Gruel continues, "the possibility of demon-

strating that phenomenon is by no means confined to a single or very few individuals."

"Moreover, the fact that the phenomenon was observed in animals as high on the evolutionary scale as man and in organisms as simple as saltwater protozoa is the fundamental and nature of whatever it is that is producing the effect." Subsequent experiments "conducted on our laboratory," he adds, "have yielded statistically significant results with still more primitive organisms [protozoa, etc.]. The phenomenon can still be observed even when the basic study of time, animal and plant, and so much would appear worthy of further study."

In conversation with me, Dr. Gruel says: "These experiments have made only contributions at all to it to make it clear that the claim that the results of healing are owing only to suggestion is not true." Which is not, he stresses, to call "suggestion" there. "Too many people are too well educated without really trying to understand what suggestion involves in suggestion. It seems apparent that to the extent that suggestion is effective it is in itself an energy of some sort."

Of what source he cannot say, but he believes suggestion should be done, first of all, to try to bad out of their healing energies fall within the electro-magnetic spectrum. Shielding devices could be used to block such energy, but

as Dr. Gruel notes, such instruments require sophisticated instrumentation, time and money. And most researchers are not willing to "stray" very far from the straight and narrow of orthodox science. "The is changing, however," Dr. Gruel believes. "Younger scientists seem to be more courageous about those things." He is particularly encouraged by the growing interest in magnetic fields and their possible therapeutic uses.

Perhaps the most potent argument will be to prove in society their relevance. To investigate contentious healers, Dr. Gruel notes, is the "social problem"; such healers can and sometimes do create "Anyone can claim to have these special powers," he explains, "unscrupulous individuals possess as little knowledge as the people who, because of sickness and pain are terribly vulnerable." I think," he says, "that a great deal of caution and skepticism has to be applied to anybody who makes such claims." But the potential for good in this country is great, he concludes, that something must be run in pursuit of its application. And meanwhile, as Hitler said, practice well, the very experiments that she and Dr. Gruel have risked provide an objective, relatively simple means of separating the wheat from the chaff, those who are either unconsciously destroying themselves or knowingly destroying others. The test for healers may soon be called the enzyme test. *

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Now cup both your hands behind your ears, palms facing forward.

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You are able to distinguish the direction of any individual sound source in front of you.

This is the way you listen to your stereo system. Like a spectator at a concert.

Now take your hands away from your ears. Sounds are coming at you from all around you. You are able to distinguish the direction of any individual sound source.

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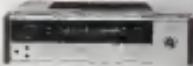
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The original tennis ball.

In origin it's bit frosty. Originally, the "Sport of Kings" was a hairy game. In fact, the ball itself was made of actual human hair, wrapped in leather. As a result, an unscrupulous player was ready a hair-raising service. And tempers flared when close calls were decided by only a whisker.



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The origin of the tennis ball may be hot frosty. But not the origin of Usher's, the original light scotch. It was first blended by Andrew Usher in 1853. Sadly, it was named for that 1850 attorney Usher! From mixed doubles to mixed doubles. The choice of champions, since 1853.



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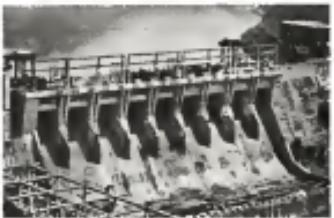
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Name three films
on China
produced in the U.S.
in the 1970s



■ The chances are you can't unless you are a teacher or librarian. Perhaps not even them.

The films do exist! Their names are not nearly as important as the fact that

they are only one aspect of the exciting

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EQUINOX FEBRUARY 1981

WRITING RUST HILLS

Couch Dufresne, who is a pal, comes with "Hannibal" Heino, who says recently "Dear Sirs, H.H., just recently I sent you a galley of *Fox*, My Brother by Philip Burton, a novel based on the lives of Edmund and William Shakespeare. I send you this for your information in conversation with Mr. Burton and he mentioned something that made me think immediately of you. At age thirty-nine, he is just about to publish his first novel! He wrote the book is only two years from a recent large business success that has made him a millionaire.

Always like it when people are made to think of me by something, as I do around in all the books and guides that have annotated here to see if I could find the same sort of idea. I did, though, and I am sure that just isn't the only way, to put the lesson with the galley. Anyway, looking for it led me into a terrible imbroglio of bewilderment. You know how when you get to someone's house the books are all so different, and you get to wonder where these come from, and they're not even yours? That's the way it is with me these days. I seem to be surrounded by someone else's books.

Here, for instance, is a little study of books about football, which I don't really understand. I don't even know what my own books on the subject. But I know First is a amazingly dull book about betting, *The Newcomer Football Lawyer*, by Larry Merchant, which tells us in a white-washing bottom-drag book how to bet the football from those seasons. Next, *Hannibal and Woodley's Foxes*, about how to bring out with a high-sided base two or three years ago, kind of suspended and—was going to say "fascinating," but I can't—about a weird, weird book about "far-fetched" predictions that you won't expect? Next in the stack, is Peter Golen's *Noah Balles Fests*, which at first seemed a total rip-off of Dan Jenkins' *Snow-Plough*, full of fun-loving sex and non-lethal violence, and then turned out to be a much more serious, like *Judas Whiteshads* pre-football novel, *Jesus*, which it isn't anything like, nearly as good as *Noah Balles Party* has a good long game description of the other, though, which I don't understand. And then, when you read a football novel set in something Jenkins escaped on *Aerospace*. Last in the stack is *Cousin and Uncle's Adversary* or the *Near*, which I read all I wanted to of in Europe a year ago, although I didn't get it, though, I liked it. A dozen or so books on football had! It was like spending the morning in the study of a galler.

Then I came across *Gladys, Mr. Christian's House and Fall*, by Richard Beaupre, and got it, reading it mostly because I'm still devoted to personal accounts, the more personal the better, and tragedy becomes the ultimate. Beaupre is a funny guy, anyway, the isn't funny, it's end. I actually went at the end, when McGovern is shedding a tear himself up in his bed now, maybe because I had his last laugh, and maybe because he doesn't want to give the game away. This is one of the early 60s great guys down to last. Beaupre, of course, for Spire Award.

Then here are two books that look sort of curious at first, but prove out to be very good. *Handy: A Metaballistic History of Eastern Civilization 1955-1962*, by Alan Goldstein, which presents some collectedly gung-ho of great men (Freud, Hegel, etc.). This is absolutely brilliant, and I am sure that it should be read. In the second, *Womder*, by Alex P. Terry, entitled "Learn the Art of Thinking." It has a great table of contents, listing things like "Dance," "Sport," "Flora," "Water," "Guru," and so on—describing things



to write about. But nothing is all interesting and about any of them. All I got was the "Ugh" of these things. The book is deflected to the street instead and silence of *Sex Processes*.

Then there is a new *Crusoe*, by Bill Charles Agnes the subjects are interesting enough, although alphabetical that time, not that I have anything against alphabetical—"Adventures," "Adams," "Almond," whatever, which I don't understand, but what's odd about them. Under "Adventure," for instance, the lead quote is from *The Puritan's Almanac* (1661): "State but the世上 are apprehensions of earnest?" Does that mean anything? Or anything, although I don't know, I mean, I don't know, the books on *Adventure* had! It was like spending the morning in the study of a galler.

Announcing ESQUIRE'S 2nd ANNUAL CORPORATE SOCIAL RESPONSIBILITY ADVERTISING AWARDS



The concept that a corporation has a responsibility to society beyond self and earnings is relatively new. However, the proponents of this contemporary form of corporate enlightenment are growing in number in the business community and it is this recognition that a healthy society is a prerequisite for a prosperous economy.

The picture was not quite so sharp this time last year when Esquire, in conjunction with the Department of Journalism at the University of Michigan, announced the establishment of a annual series of Corporate Social Responsibility Advertising Awards. We gathered out then that business was evolving from a social conscience, as a major offender in creating many of the critical problems that affect society. But we couldn't help thinking that the attack was too one-sided. Though many firms had been lauded for their concern on a favorable profit and loss statement and too little concern for the climate, physical and social as well as cultural, in which they operate, the entire philosophy of American business was undergoing a basic rethinking.

So, this year, with the awareness of the enormous welfare on which business, too, is dependent. While this was a speculation rather than a scientific observation, we were convinced that this was indeed the trend. In all honesty, we must confess there were some qualms and doubts about the sociability of the business community to our announcement. We felt perhaps we were to attract 100 corporate entries, we would have been doing very well for a first outing.

We were delighted, therefore, when the judges advised us, after the closing date, that over 150 entries had been received. From companies large and small. True, most of the entries and most of the entrants were large, very large, but in no way disparate. Those with the greatest strength will stand up first. But there were enough smaller companies among the winners to demonstrate that a concern for the public welfare is not the sole province of the giants.

One of the striking aspects of the winning entries was that they were the focus of many of them on the individual. Some were as personal as advice on how to dispose of your body after death from Husted & Company, San Francisco funeral directors, while Seagrams tried to save lives and limbs by its attack on drinking and driving. Others, like

Westinghouse Broadcasting, sponsored special community problems and then helped solve them and showed how modern technological advances can solve personal problems, while Chevco-Comming Petroleum Corp. was cited for its award program encouraging the design of buildings and mechanical systems that conserve energy.

The other winners were equally prestigious and imaginative—Abraham & Straus, New York department store; American Motor Credit; Atlantic Richfield Co.; AT & T; Chemical Bank; Dow Chemical Company; Eastman Kodak Co.; Ford Motor Co.; General Motors Corp.; Hawaian Electric Co.; Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.; Mobil Oil Corp.; National Cash Register Co.; Philip Morris; Philip Morris Inc.; R.J. Reiter; National States Power Corp.; and Xerox Corp. In case you missed the writing entries in our November 1973 issue, write to us for a reprint.

One of our announced purposes in establishing these awards was to encourage other companies to join those who have already taken commendable actions. More than that, we urge them to enter the second annual awards program, which is now open. This year, as before, the awards will be administered by the Department of Journalism at the University of Michigan, and Paul Peter Clader will chair the panel of judges.

As in 1973, awards will be presented in advertising, print or broadcast media entries that have contributed most to the betterment of our lives and our environment in their general areas.

B. Advertising which best communicates the story of what business in general or in an industry or a company is doing to improve society or make life better for the public, meaningful, and sets for the general public. This includes anti-pollution programs, social action, minority training, research and development programs designed for the benefit of the public, etc.

C. Public service advertising that attempts to inspire the public to take positive steps to protect themselves, which tells the reader how to take preventive steps to avoid disease, how to avoid accidents in the home or on the road, how to make better use of increased leisure time or retirement, and in general how to live a better life.

D. Product advertising which best presents the benefits to the consumer of a particular product or service. These include non-polluting features, nutrition, safety, education, etc.

E. Advertising of services which

offer the consumer greater protection. Among these are readily identifiable warranties backed up by service, reduction of electrical bills, insurance, products which clearly define their benefits and limitations, etc.

Qualifications

1. To be considered for an award, the company must have actively participated in at least one of the areas enumerated above. The examples given for each category are intended as guide lines and are by no means restrictive. Advertising of any activity the firm has at least one of the above criteria would be considered for an award.

2. The competition is open to all business firms regardless of size, as well as trade associations.

3. The size of the advertising appropriation will not be a factor in determining award winners.

4. Awards will be presented to advertising agencies and their clients.

Rules and Regulations

1. To be eligible, an advertisement or an advertising campaign in print or broadcast media must have run any time from June 1, 1973 through May 30, 1974.

2. All submissions must be received by the judges no later than June 15, 1974. Advertisements may be submitted in proof form, radio script, story board, film or tape.

3. Claims made in all entries will be investigated by the panel of judges.

4. Entries shall be submitted to Chairman, Department of Journalism, University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48104.

5. Award winners will be named in the fall of 1974 and will be featured in the October 1974 issue of *Esquire Magazine*.

6. A total of 20 winners will be awarded in the second annual Corporate Social Responsibility Advertising Awards competition.

7. Registration will be made in October, 1974.

The Judges:

PETER CLARKE, Chairman,
Department of Journalism,
JOHN D. STEVENS, Associate
Professor of journalism;
CHARLES R. KORTEN, Professor of
Art;

ALFRED H. SLOTE, Associate Director of Television Broadcasting Service,
University of Michigan;
WILLIAM E. POETTER, Professor of
Journalism.

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Danes have been
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unusual products at a
magically naturalized
factory.

Now smoke the result.
Imported Skallorna tobacco
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Breath-Crush is a spray-on powder. It penetrates into hair and grit places so you avoid the sting and burning of talcum. Instead of annoying an otherwise attractive physique.

Get relief—Avoid embarrassing itch. Get Cruxx. Soothing, cooling crush.

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as a barrier, keeps skin
moisturized. And it
penetrates directly
into hair and grit places
so you avoid the sting
and burning of talcum.
Instead of annoying an
otherwise attractive
physique.

Get relief—Avoid
embarrassing itch. Get
Cruxx. Soothing, cooling crush.

born, Nicéle Mansier, was being compared to James Bond. "While continuing his career as an accordionist, Owen Seft has managed to write three books in less than two years. His first, *Women Who Love Me*, This summer, the wife of Philip Morris, just had her second child. Carolyn Durden has been remodeled by me by her, the author-in-law of *Yes, My Brother*. I hope he'll be surprised to be shocked, for, so I recall, he reacted. Although he's been a pillar of the profession, he's destined, perhaps, except briefly by those art paperbacks from Stein—The Sex Industry, Adventures in Lovemaking, and Givaways of Leisure—one of which was the most interesting book I've ever seen. It's still in print, though I've never seen it again without losing it, and I found it, after all that time, after the long break, at last, *Yes, My Brother*.

And it's not alone. While Skallorna now has a new brother, Skallorna, called, well, *New Skallorna*, and many more pages about them, which I read. The genuine admiration of the book is that young Ned makes a lot of mistakes trying to be an successful in New York, and in the end, he does succeed. His feelings are surely hurt and he worries that the increase is due to the influence of his older brother.

The narrative is full of courage and grace—but back and forth between London and Skallorna, and between the two brothers, determined not by past and character, but by the intensity to conform to all that's known about Skallorna's life, about which years the plague was worse in London, about the age and sex of the Globe Theatre, and so on. In the interim, there are the usual events, the engine room or create historical events ("Affidavit"), charmatization, and several other sort of cleverly imagined rather than freely imagined. And, eventually, how to be separated from the ramifications of those past facts. And even then the author's invention is an isolated by what's logical and legitimate to assume about the past and the past, and we must just an expression of his own sense of guilt, that you can't always when you do what you do, and also in terms of his ingenuity rather than in terms of his force as fiction.

Curiously, *Yes, My Brother* is no less scholarly, plausible, convivial, and courageous than most historical novels. But of course don't we all know that? In May, during the course of speculating about the National Book Award for Fiction in 1978, I'll tell you what you might be having reading. In fact, don't bother to send anything I've mentioned in this column as I always say. Send before you, and as I always say. *Send before you, and as I always say.*

Esquire Recommended:
West End Morning, by Bill Doucet
Doubleday & Co.
The Easter House, by David Shireman
Harper & Row.
Schools of Singing, by Richard Belzer
Harper's Magazine/Prom
Americans Review, by Eugene

AMERICANS SHOULD GET ONE YEAR OFF IN EVERY SEVEN

Contracted from papal or secular function as opposed to the federal function are rapidly blamed for the millions of disturbed students. The idea of substantial leave for mandatory service is not new. It has been proposed since Lincoln and Grant contributed toward the improvement of family life.

SENATOR INQUIRIES. If a senatorial hue and cry over the cost of the program would make it difficult to pass, then the plan where perhaps the greatest nonconforming entity today is non-worker families. The best guess that would encourage growth would be broad separation.

ROMAUS M. KENNEDY (Chairman and Chief Executive Officer, Peoples Tax Corp.)
Separating a father from his children and a husband from his wife for a year will substantially strengthen family ties. If we made this study and resulted like anticipated outcomes?

MURKIN HAMPTON (I find the results of separating spouses from parents and children. Does passing an entire year lengthening because of the better separation it could have on family life? If so, we, in my view, are way off the mark. We have seen, time frequently, families who are surely hurt and he worried that the increase is due to the influence of his older brother.

DR. RICHARD (Practicing physician or scientist, as proposed, would not make heroic price. Another, more probably, is the price, or, as would many others,

But, they're already going up! The divorce rate among upper-middle-class workers in California has risen to about nearly-five percent. There's something seriously wrong with our society. We are family in the longer range, and the previous to be enforced together are a privilege, a big part of the trouble. A year's separation might well bind off divorce and save the family as well as strengthen the individual.

Several suggestions were raised: the wrong way by the suggestion that the husband should be compensated by a California-level department created for the purpose.

MR. GREEN (For propose to institute your scheme by establishing a separate Federal agency which will regulate and administer it, which to me insinuates only the existence of one more bureaucracy, increasing like all other others have seemingly failed to meet us.

MR. FISHER (For those who take it seriously, I suppose a principal problem will be the setting up of a new federal bureaucracy to administer the program. In view of the "impossibility" of such a task, I would like to suggest that the federal government, through its Office of Small Business, should be given the power to review and to finally decide what kind of rules should be imposed onto small business little by little, so that we'll eliminate all of them and have ourselves a nice smooth area with the programs.

SENATOR INQUIRIES. The proposal is an delightful and attractive, and carries such potential in terms of stabilizing the welfare of America, that I really hate to kill it. Still, however, one has to consider the cost. I don't think it's a bad idea, but I do think it's a bad idea to have a federal agency to administer it. I think it's a good idea to have a state or local government administer it, so that the local government and county at the least can help lower expenses by larger businesses by lowering taxes (something a panel established about every seven years). The only way of doing this, though, is through higher property taxes.

MR. SPERL (I assume members of an approach by which lit system could be relatively modest. The classified lit hospitals cannot be

MR. LINDNER (I should say that there are many who may extra costs and could reasonably be brought to my defense a research endeavor in a much more productive manner. The idea of a national leave for mandatory service is not new. It has been proposed since Lincoln and Grant contributed toward the improvement of family life.

SENATOR INQUIRIES. It is anticipated that any proposal of this nature would make it difficult to pass, then the plan where perhaps the greatest nonconforming entity today is non-worker families. The best guess that would encourage growth would be broad separation.

SENATOR INQUIRIES. The approach I've suggested behind shield is to be one third of an employed person's average salary during the preceding three years, which could easily bring benefit from the basic concept, i.e., those who work in low-pay jobs and who could afford to take prolonged leave without pay. Just as I would expect that a program be established for all participants in the same, and would establish a minimum amount that all would qualify receive.

REPRESENTATIVE CHISHOLM (Considering the need of Congress, and the present Administration, it would be responsible to alleviate funds for the project. As you said, the main idea would be conceivable to implement such a program.

GENERAL GALTIN (I do not think for a moment that the committee branch of Congress will realize an adequate reduction in defense spending. I am not sure that the committee will be the women needed, nor with this Administration. Therefore, the bill developed by Philip Morris has written a excellent book on the subject and I am glad you quote from him. Nevertheless, the Administration seems to be more inclined to provide a large budget for foreign aid in order to keep it's dependence on income for campaign-funding purposes.

MR. KENDALL (I question the validity of requiring the rank and file to be used for the program. I think the leadership, the rank and file, should be used. The women needed, not with this Administration. Therefore, the bill developed by Philip Morris has written a excellent book on the subject and I am glad you quote from him. Nevertheless, the Administration seems to be more inclined to provide a large budget for foreign aid in order to keep it's dependence on income for campaign-funding purposes.

MR. TWEED (electrolysis—is 2000 18 months hair—well forever! Is it you of us, medical hair because eyebrows, on cheeks, underarms, etc., etc. I have been electrolysing for 18 months. This is the only technique that destroys the hair root without puncturing the skin. Automatic, "inner-like" action gives great and permanent results. Clinically tested—recommended by dermatologists. Send check or M.O.

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Coming Up in March Esquire

If you are in your tweenties or thirties, married, single, or simply living with somebody, you may regard kids as:

- a threat to your freedom
- an economic burden you can live without
- a convenience to permanence you're not ready to make.

On the other hand, though, you may regard having children as your only shot at immortality, and besides, for as long as you can remember people have been telling you to marry and reproduce. So the question is:

Are kids worth having?

Next month, Esquire devotes most of its issue to the issue of kids.

- * **GARRY WILLS** talks to parents and potential parents, seeking to find out if intelligent Americans are beginning to hate kids.
- * **ERIK SANCHEZ** and for all adds up all the expenses and tells you what it really costs to raise a kid in the style to which you are accustomed. Hint: It turns into six figures.
- * **JAMES SIMON KUNEN** profiles the man who developed a care for acne, just so his own kids could grow up blemish-free.
- * **RICHARD JOSEPH BISHOP**, a distinguished professor of law, tells how you might drown your kids entirely.
- * **DAVIDSON RADER** reflects on Andy Warhol as a father figure.
- * And there are pictures of the Super Kids of America, great reasons why maybe you should have children, as well as great new fiction.

Do Americans suddenly hate kids?

Some answers coming up in Esquire.

Plus Esquire's twenty-four-page Spring-Summer Fashion Spectacular!

the purchase of Nixon's San Clemente estate in California.

Rodman, who was born in Tampa, remains generally absent from the Miami Cuban community, but Edgardo Betancourt is present. Betancourt, however, whose Rodman has done him a favor by introducing him to Nixon, is severely underused. US citizens, was named by Nixon to serve as an advisory council on opportunities for Spanish-speaking Americans and Latin American immigrants. He is H. E. W.'s Cuban Research Center in Miami. Betancourt was one of the witnesses naming Betancourt's assassination papers. Betancourt's close friend and occasional business partner is, in turn, Raúlito Antunez, who commands the 45-foot sailboat in the Miami Islands and is involved with Nixon in the shortlife 1968 operation.

Antunez, now a wealthy real-estate investor and real-estate operator, has been Nixon and Nixon's close friend since 1965. Nixon is godfather to one of Antunez's children. After the Watergate burglary, the two men were instrumental in the discreet disbursement of each funds to the Miami fractions of the captured Watergate rascals.

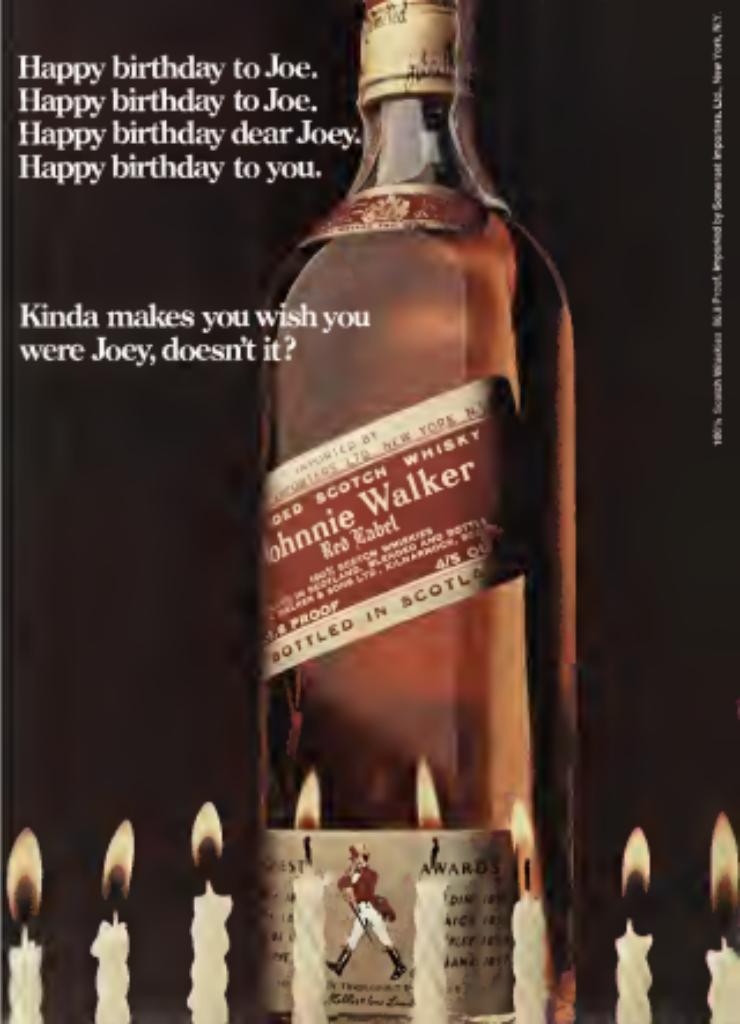
It was a former Cuban salaried minister who introduced Robert Vesco, the fugitive swindler, to Nixon in exchange with \$100,000 in compensation to the President of Costa Rica. The same man persuaded Vesco to lend \$30,000,000 to Tony Ciccarelli, lawmaker, owner of a contracting firm, who planned to move to Costa Rica and start a colony.

I attended a Nixon fund-raiser after June, 1972, just days before Watergate, at the island home of a Cuban millionaire investor. It was one of the most spectacular parties I had seen in years. There were bonds, dancing, drinks flowing, and a general sense of fun. At the standard speech about the democracy to which Nixon said that Cuba could be "free" again, at the door, under the watchful eye of a deputy sheriff, \$100 bills were stacked away from the posterity of the Cuban亡魂.

A Cuban millionaire with past CIA ties (who spent some time recently in a Guatemala prison because of his complicated banking operations in that country) is currently suing for the recovery of \$1,000,000 he invested in the Republic National Bank of Weston, which once belonged to him, in a \$1,900,000 action. About to become an American citizen, he was planning to start a daily Spanish-language newspaper in Miami which was competing with the well-known *Miami Daily News*, owned by two Miami-based brothers, and he told me of his gobs over there and long ago at Nixon's American Club. I looked around, and it looked doubtful. The risks in the cattle version of Nixon's old American Club were in the long-term rather than old Cuban politicians with little else to do. Americans do not patronize it, but the audience is a bit reminiscent of the Russian audience mentioned on Fred Astaire's still-playing poker date for drinks, everybody knows everybody else, and there is a sort of deal of talk about the local controversies across the room. Only here does one hear talk about going back to Cuba. —W

Happy birthday to Joe.
Happy birthday to Joe.
Happy birthday dear Joey.
Happy birthday to you.

Kinda makes you wish you
were Joey, doesn't it?





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